JOHN BULL, JANUARY 26, 1935

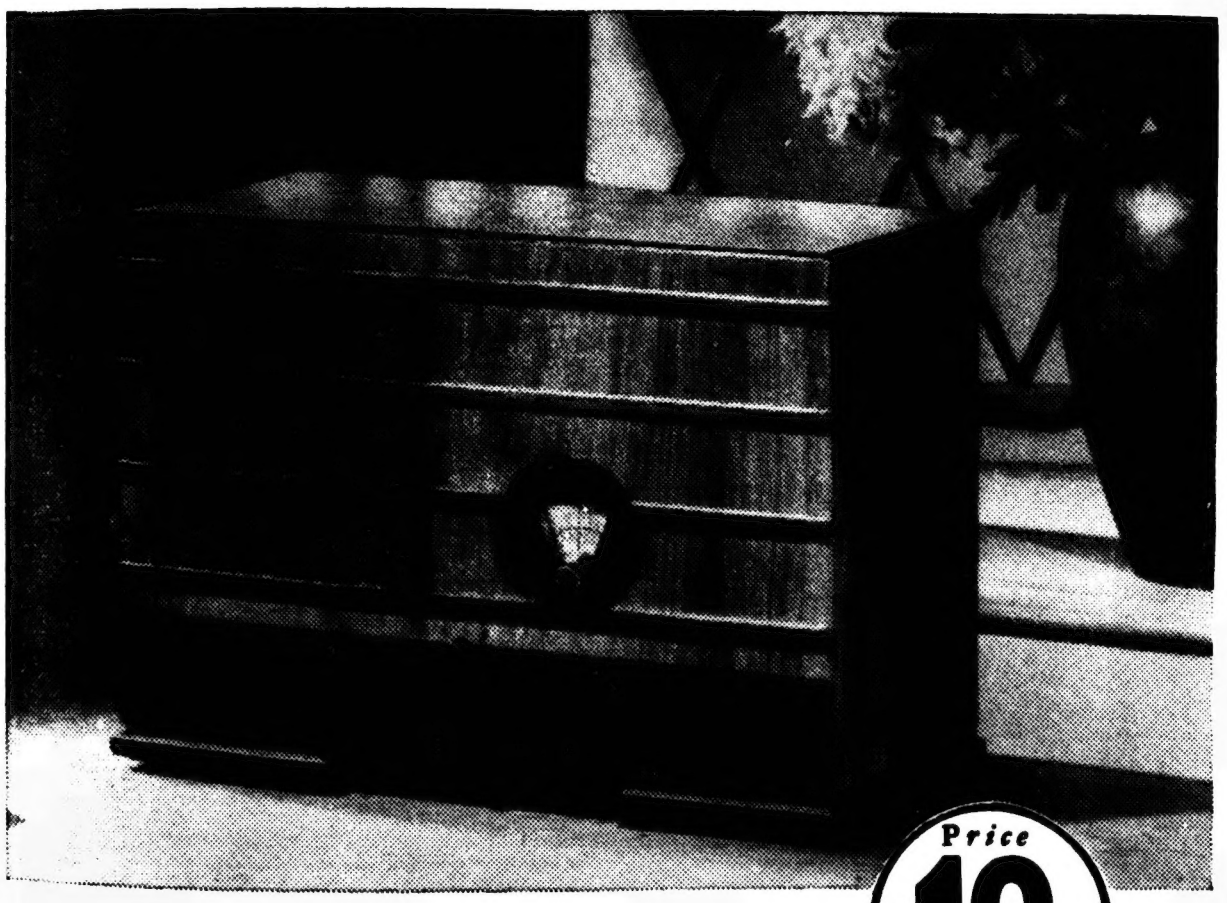
TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1493.

STAGGERING BUILDING SCANDAL SEE PAGES 24 and 25

JOHN BULL

Presenting the brilliant new

PHILIPS "Five Eighty"



TYPE 580
SPECIFICATION

Superheterodyne Circuit employing the famous Octode Frequency Changer with Pentode Amplifying and Output Valves. 8-Tuned Circuits with Band Pass Coupling give very keen selectivity.
Fading and 'blasting' are reduced to a minimum by Automatic Volume Control. A notable feature is the Pocket Aerial which allows the set to be used in any room in the house. Connections for Gramophone Pick-up and additional loudspeaker. Very compact cabinet of contrasting shades of fine grained walnut, size: height 11¾", width 16¼", depth 8". Works from A.C. Mains 100-250 volts, 40-100 cycles. Consumes only 44 watts.

An 8-tuned circuit Superhet

Price 10 GUINEAS OR 4/6 A WEEK . . . .

Philips present this new Receiver as the outstanding radio value of the year. Among its many brilliant features are its eight-tuned circuits giving wonderful selectivity without sacrificing the quality of reproduction; its Pocket Aerial, found at the back of the set, and making it instantly transportable to any room in the house; the beautifully proportioned cabinet of contrasting shades of fine-grained walnut. Search where you may, you will never find a finer set than this for the money. It has everything — superlative tone, range, power and selectivity — and all for the very modest price of 10 guineas.

We are enthusiastic about the "Five-Eighty." Visit your nearest dealer's showroom and see and hear this set — the finest value Philips have ever offered.

PHILIPS

RELIABILITY HAS MADE PHILIPS REPUTATION

COUPON

To: Philips Lamps Ltd., Dept. BW-21, 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2
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NAME .....

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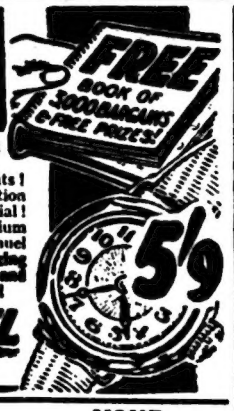
SEND YOUR ADDRESS!



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Not an ordinary small mouth-organ, but the full-size instrument (80 reeds) now so popular on the Continent, where real Harmonica playing is the thing. The beautiful rich full tone of this new instrument is the nearest approach to that of a first-class Piano-Accordion, yet it can be learnt in a few hours. Great for community singing, solo playing, dancing. Take it wherever you go and always be ready to make merry. You will delight your friends and earn popularity for yourself. Send for the wonderful Continental Harmonica NOW; it costs only 3/6, complete in case, post free.

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THE VIBRAPHONE

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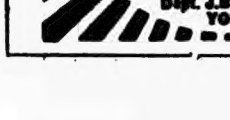

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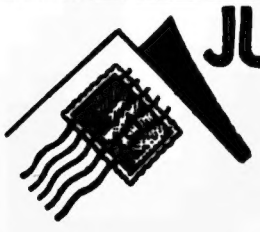
JUST A ½d. STAMP but it can mean at least £2 TO YOU!



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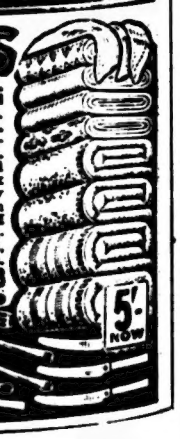

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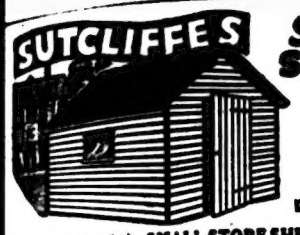

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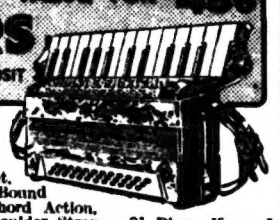

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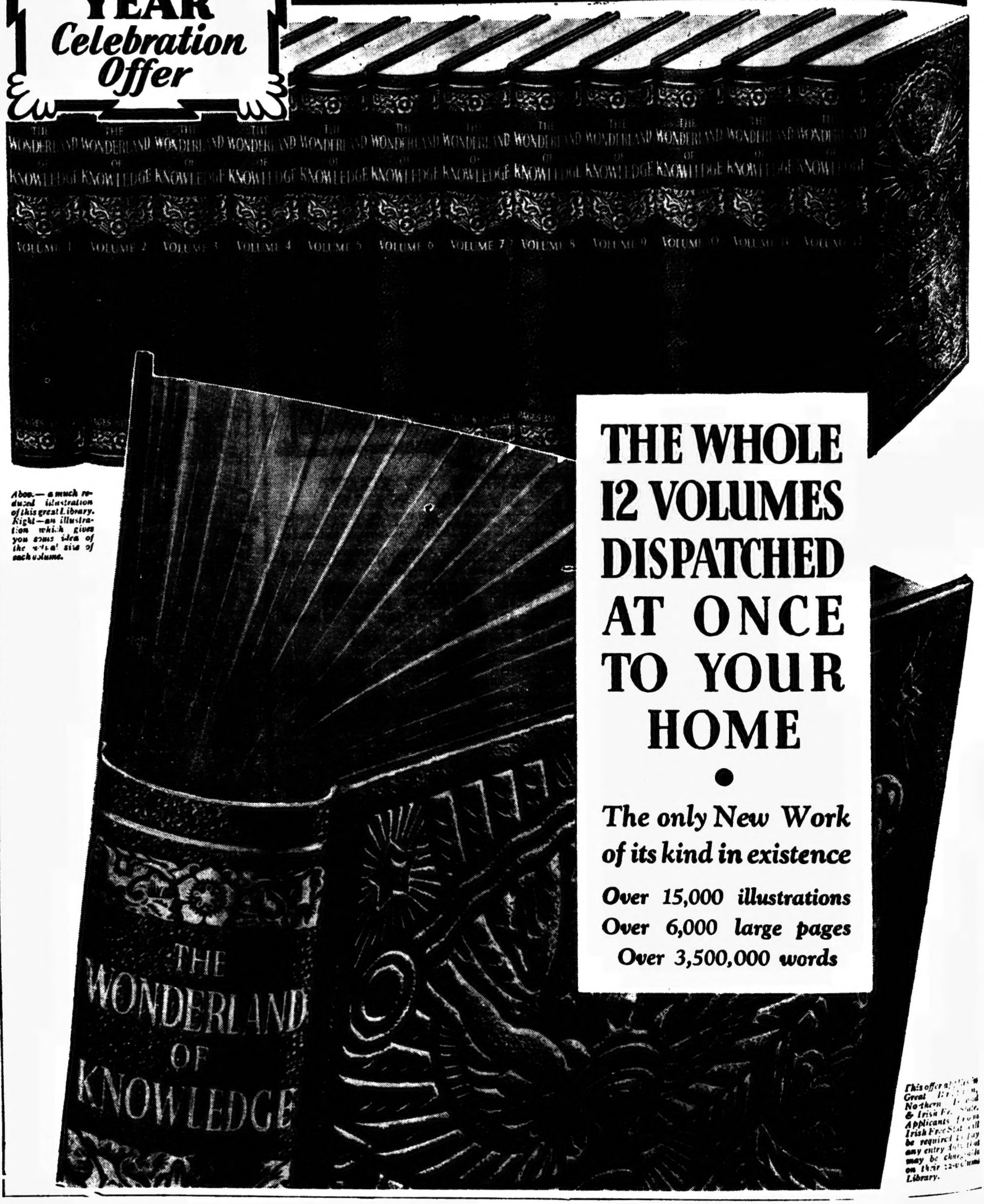
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Mr. Hognutt is declining the invitation. He prefers to remain in the open, communing with a Kensitas.

And not a bad choice. Life in a shell-hole is notoriously conducive to sciatica. In this it differs from a Kensitas, which has no such shortcomings, and tastes as good on the battlefield as in the billiard-room.

K. D. G. Browne

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They're Mild ... They Satisfy ...

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"John Bull," 26/1/35.

JOHN BULL

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Secret Scent Drinkers—

EVIL *of the* Fragrant DEATH

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

ONE of the most pathetic cases in a certain London hospital for inebriates is a young married woman. Her sight is almost gone, she is a physical wreck.

The doctors are making strenuous efforts to save her life, but it is doubtful if they will succeed.

Two years ago the woman, who is still in the early thirties, was a trim little housewife in a respectable neighbourhood, happy with her husband, an engineer with a steady wage if a small one. Her house was as clean as any in the street.

Two months ago, when she was brought to the hospital, the house, like the woman herself, was neglected and dirty. It might have been in a slum. The husband was heartbroken.

Ruin was brought on the house by vice in a fragrant form. *The young wife had become an addict to the poisonous habit of eau de Cologne drinking.*

It seems incredible that this apparently harmless perfume, which is put to a hundred pleasant and beneficial uses in the home and the hospital, should have any sinister associations.

But its abuse has already wrought havoc among thousands. Social workers in all parts of the country are seriously perturbed over the new and growing evil which, unless it is checked, will have deadly consequences.

With those who are weak enough to succumb to the lure of cheap alcohol easily obtained, eau de Cologne, as sold in its most popular form, is fast supplanting the notorious "Red Biddy," which has sent so many to their grave.

Through the action of the authorities, the consumption of this latter concoction, a mixture of methylated spirit and the cheapest Spanish red wine, and of "unblended" methylated spirit, has been checked.

Some years ago the Customs stipulated that in the manufacture of methylated spirit as sold in the oil shops for domestic use, a small percentage of a liquid called pyridine should be introduced. This gave the spirit a highly disagreeable taste, even when mixed with red wine or flavoured mineral waters.

Some of the addicts found means of partially neutralising the flavour with peppermint, ground ginger and other ingredients, but this trouble they learned in time was unnecessary. When the Customs regulations were proposed, an exception was made in the case of spirit which was to be used for medical purposes or the manufacture of perfumes.

It was found that pyridine in surgical spirit would be harmful to patients, and that in perfumes it would have similar unfortunate effects. The wretched addicts turned to perfume drinking, chiefly eau de Cologne. New victims were created, for the most part women.

Not that there is anything pleasant about the perfume as a beverage, in spite of its aromatic qualities. It is foul stuff. But it at least neutralises the first scorching effects of the raw spirit, although the ultimate consequences of drinking it are no less disastrous.

There was a time when eau de Cologne, a Continental product, was expensive. It was made from the purest rectified spirit and the import duty was heavy.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now a new synthetic type is manufactured in this country from ordinary industrial alcohol, and there is no Excise duty to pay. The product is, of course, excellent if used for its proper purpose. A luxury which previously came into the better-class homes only, has now been placed within the reach of all. It can be bought at a shilling or less a pint.

A John Bull investigator bought a bottle of it for sixpence over the counter of a general store. On analysis it was found to contain, roughly, 77 per cent. of alcohol and 1 per cent. of essential oil. The balance was water. In point of alcoholic content it was considerably stronger than a bottle of whisky costing 12s. 6d., though no comparison in quality could be made. Even a half-thimble sample of the perfume was found to be repellent.

Scientists are agreed that it is much more toxic than ordinary alcohol, for the time taken for it to be destroyed in the tissues is longer.

The stupefying effects of one dose may not wear off for some days. The permanent results are ghastly. Sight and hearing are rapidly impaired, and paralysis follows the destruction of the nerve centres.

No person of normal palate would want to taste such a poison twice, but we are not dealing in this matter with the ordinary individual. We are concerned with the unfortunate minority who must be saved from themselves.

Opponents of restrictions on the manufacture and sale of methylated spirit in whatever form have suggested that the minority is small enough to be ignored—an argument which might as sensibly be used against poison safeguards.

Mr. Douglas Hacking, when Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, stated that at a moderate estimate there was not more than one conviction in 1933 for every 75,000 of the population for methylated spirit drunkenness.

The fallacy here is that the extent of the vice is not reflected in police court statistics. When a man gets drunk on beer or whisky he does so in a public house, and is lucky if he does not stagger out into the arms of a policeman.

Eau de Cologne addicts consume the spirit in their homes. They are seldom seen in the streets. They too swiftly reach a state of sodden helplessness, and even coma. They readily become secret drinkers—one of the most deadly features of this poisonous new habit.

The tragic woman in the hospital to whom we have referred had no charges against her for drunkenness. Possibly she has never seen the inside of a police court. So with many victims of perfume poison now in inebriate homes or receiving private treatment.

☆ ☆ ☆

They have shattered themselves in secret. For let there be no illusions about the consequences of the vice. None can resist its terrible effects for long. Moral, physical and mental ruin are inevitable.

The names of three women friends who started drinking eau de Cologne two and a half years ago are known to a London social worker. One is dead, one is dying, the third is in hospital.

A tragic feature is that one of them was persuaded to take her first drink as a medicine. She frequently had severe pains and brandy was recommended. Brandy, at eighteen shillings a bottle on a wage of twenty-two and six! She was advised by her ignorant neighbours to try a drop of eau de Cologne. . . .

The evil can and must be ended, and the remedy is not on restriction of sale. It is futile to talk of licence fees and permits for the marketing of a commodity which, through the enterprise of British chemists and manufacturers, has now become a boon to so many.

The Customs have power to stipulate that the manufacture of methylated spirit and of products containing it, should be according to a certain formula. And, as we have seen, the introduction of pyridine has proved practicable in certain directions.

That an emetic should be brought into the manufacture of eau de Cologne has been suggested more than once. Whether or not that particular solution is feasible, it is surely not beyond the wit of British chemical research to solve the problem of the Fragrant Death.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Diphtheria—We Stick to Our Grave Warning

THE diphtheria epidemic rages unabated, and we do not hesitate to repeat the "Warning to parents" that we published a fortnight ago.

In that article we urged parents to consider, with an open mind, the advisability of having their children immunised against this dread disease. And we indicted the authorities for not placing the facts before the public.

Our warning has brought us many grateful letters from parents who applaud our warning in the light of their own experience. We have also received other letters of criticism.

A scare?

Since we have every wish to place both sides of the matter before our readers, we hasten to deal with the criticism.

One writer describes our warning as "a scare article." Yet in the very next sentence he does "not deny that the disease is a real menace and that something should be done about it."

Well, if to draw attention to a menace and urge a remedy is to start a scare, we shall continue to be "scaremongers" on every possible occasion.

Our critics

A second letter comes from a leading anti-vaccination society, and challenges us to mention that "nine immunised children have died at Dewsbury and at least one at Bristol."

Then several anti-vivisection bodies inform us that people who had been immunised against the disease have died in Russia, China, and various other countries.

Proved prevention

On the other hand we have received the assurance of Dr. Edwin Nash, medical officer of health for Heston and Isleworth, that where instructions have been carried out there has not been a single case of diphtheria among the 5,000 children inoculated at the borough clinic during the last five years.

And, if it is true that anti-diphtheria inoculation is "deadly" (as our critics would have us believe), is it not also strange that other boroughs which practise immunisation report similar success?

The easy way

Our critics further attack our statement that the inoculation is rarely attended by any discomfort, consisting as it does of only a mere pricking of the skin three times within a fortnight.

We refer them to the experience of Dr. Sharpe, of Leeds, who has immunised thousands of children. He "has not had any child who has suffered from any reaction worth mentioning, nor heard of a complaint from a single parent."

They also assert that the inoculation does not take effect until after a lapse of six months. It is true that the effects are not immediate, but experienced medical officers say emphatically that even after the first of the three simple injections the child is sufficiently protected to survive an attack of diphtheria.

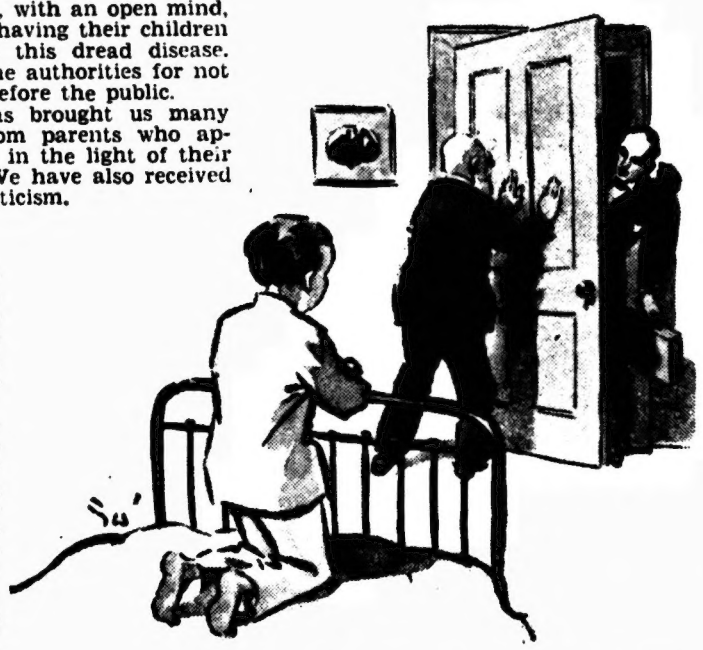
You shall judge!

Well, it is for the public to judge. We repeat that we have every respect for the anti-vaccination and anti-vivisection champions.

But we cannot blind ourselves to the facts. And the facts are that every district in which children are being immunised is practically free of this terrible epidemic, while in others it is claiming thousands of defenceless victims, often with fatal results.

And for every inoculated child who develops a slightly swollen arm for a few days there are hundreds who feel no discomfort whatever.

What, then, shall be your verdict, parents?



The doctor believes he can save the child from diphtheria. Should the door be barred to him?

Mum about mothers

Since Sir Hilton Young announced his intention of enquiring into the high death-rate among mothers in thirty of the "Black Areas" we have heard nothing.

Meanwhile, the needless deaths continue.

We want an assurance from Sir Hilton that the question is not being shelved. "Enquiries" are such a convenient way of doing that sometimes.

Is he shocked?

No doubt he will be shocked by the news that malnutrition among schoolchildren is far more general than he has pretended.

The investigations of the Committee against malnutrition prove this to the hilt. They also prove that we were right, when, over a year ago, we flatly contradicted Sir Hilton and warned him of the perils of tuberculosis.

If only the Minister would read the reports of his local medical officers he might change his mind.

Fair deal wanted

His colleague in the War Office and the generals are still worried by the lack of Territorial recruits. Here, again, we provided them with the reason long ago.

Pay is so low that the travelling expenses incurred in getting to and from the drill hall leave many men out of pocket. And as men under the age of twenty-six get no separation allowance when they go into camp, their wives and children often have to resort to the poor law.

The Territorial is worthy of his hire. The War Office should see that he gets it.

Dry ideas

All drinking licences will come up for review at the Brewster Sessions in the first fortnight of February, and the temperance organisations are making a bid for the closing of hundreds of taverns.

And they want no licences at all in the new housing estates, besides opposing the extension of hours in other areas.

We think they would earn more public support if they attacked real abuses instead of interfering with social amenities for decent citizens.

Gilding the lily

But we don't think one need be a "killjoy" to object to children using make-up. Anyway, we are frankly glad that school teachers are now insisting that it is out of place in the classroom, and children are being sent out to wash their faces and remove colouring from their nails.

And we think most people will agree with the teachers.

Heroes no longer?

Nor shall we shed any tears because an aerial torpedo that was dropped on London has changed hands for a mere 50s. But there is another kind of war trophy we can't dismiss so easily—the ex-Serviceman.

Barnsley Town Council has decided the time has come when he should no longer be entitled to preferential treatment in the matter of work.

There was a lot of cold logic talked.

But one can't forget those wartime posters which promised so much to tempt recruits.

The school disaster

Quite as heartless is the official attitude towards the victims of the Liverpool school accident, in which a floor collapsed and 120 scholars and parents were injured.

Some of the victims' families are suffering privations, including that of an out-of-work man whose wife and daughter are both amongst those seriously hurt. A young woman who lost her mother, and whose brother and sister are still in hospital, is having to depend on strangers for help.

Help them now!

Though six weeks have passed, the authorities still seem unable to make up their minds where the compensation—of which these poor people are in such dire need—is to come from.

Since the schools are under public control we suggest that they need go no further than their own doorstep to fix the responsibility.

We certainly see no reason why the victims' suffering should be prolonged while they are indulging in legal quibbles.

Unworthy

Liverpool's public assistance committee also shows a regrettable inability to face its responsibilities by refusing to grant further coal allowances to the very poor in the event of continued severe weather.

"If the chairman refuses," remarked one member, "he will be shot at."

Surely those who aspire to martyrdom should choose to suffer in a more worthy cause?

The Fragrant Minute.

SILLY PROVERB

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing." This is a proverb to which we still cling. But isn't it foolish—right at the core? For once we know something, we want to know more. A little learning's an excellent thing. It's a spur and a star and a newly grown wing! For having learnt this, we like to learn that. Why the world's round and not pancake-flat.

Why stars should "flare-up" (as film stars oft do) 'tis not as we thought, a new star come through! A little learning's just what we need to make us desire on knowledge to feed. So long as we know 'tis but little we know, no danger at all—though the proverb says so!

Wilhelmina Stitch,

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Crazy flying

We confess to being startled by the air pilot's story, at the Oxford air conference, of how one aeroplane he hired was so rickety that he had to tie the rudder down and even fasten the control stick.

But the gravest shock is the statement that a drunken man cannot be prevented from taking a 'plane up, so if aerodrome officials see him staggering toward the machine they can only say, "Let his blood be on his own head."

Terrible dangers

Yes, but supposing other people's blood is spilled—what if the machine crashed into a school or hospital or gasometer?

We hope the authorities will not only answer, but at once set to work to make the question unnecessary.

Still going strong

For an ex-Serviceman of Rumney, near Cardiff, who lost his right leg, our Pensions Expert has obtained a permanent increase of pension and £159 as arrears.

But for our intervention this would never have been paid.

Charity snares

We are not surprised that people in South Wales are becoming uneasy over the growth of charity organisations.

Some of these bodies which collect money to help the poor in that terribly hard-hit country are doing magnificent work. Unfortunately, there are others which exist only to line their own pockets—in other words, they are frauds.

Surely it would be possible for all genuine efforts to be co-ordinated, managed by a control office to which people could subscribe without fear of supporting the unworthy?

Slave-driving employers

Another type of rogue that must be eliminated is the foreign employer who starts business here with the express intention of sweating his employees.

We are constantly receiving letters from his workers, who naturally request us to withhold their names for fear of being discharged, exposing the revolting conditions under which they must labour.

In some trades it is the practice to engage young boys to work cutters in order to save the wages of an experienced operator.

Ghastly accidents

These lads are often involved in accidents that arise from their lack of experience. One youth of eighteen has lost the greater part of one hand within a few hours of first starting to work on a certain machine.

We could tell of many similar accidents, and we need not enlarge on the plight of older workers who must either work for very low wages or go back to the "dole."

We say bluntly that the Ministries of Labour and Home Affairs are both failing to exercise proper supervision over the foreign-owned factories in Britain.

Lucky idiots

Luck was certainly on the side of three young fools named Joseph Burgess, Charles Marland and Sidney Ennion, of Disley, Cheshire, when they "shorted" an 11,000-volt cable with a piece of wire, for they were uninjured.

And in our opinion their luck still held when they were fined £1 and 2/6 costs, especially as the damage to one cable section alone cost £72.

They will be without pocket-money for a long time to come, if their parents are wise.

The Plain Truth Behind—

MY Surprising Confession

by

AMY JOHNSON

Most Famous of Airwomen

Amy Johnson after her record solo flight to Australia in 1931.

THERE seems to be a great deal of surprise at my confession that I have no definite plans for the future, no job, and no prospects. To anybody unaware of the position of record flying at the present moment that may seem inconceivable.

But I happen to know. I am face to face with the hard fact that the bottom has dropped out of record flying—that if a pilot announces that he (or she) is going to try to reach Timbuctoo in record time the public feels satisfied in advance that he will do it, and that the Press, which keeps its fingers on the pulse of the public in these matters, will dismiss it in a couple of lines.

What is there left for an airwoman or airman to do in a world in which Scott and Black fly to Australia in two and a half days? An achievement so amazing, so far ahead of the previous record, that it is almost beyond human conception. Twenty-four hours off the previous record would have been a remarkable feat, yet they go and halve it. And the public just takes it for granted.

Nothing remains but to conclude that record flying is finished—that there's nothing in it any more.

Race flying just becomes a Brooklands job. Motoring has lived through the days when people were surprised to see a car move at all, without bursting into flames, when track racing began. And now flying, too, has become a question of the first one round. The pioneer work is finished.

PIONEER work has to be done whenever a new era of transport is inaugurated. And it always takes the form of record-making efforts, stressing mechanical and human endurance to the uttermost limits

It is the best way of testing material and workmanship. It is the best way of advertising the newcomer among methods of transport. It is the only way of bringing home to the public the advantages of a new form of travel.

And then when the pioneers have done their work well and truly, and the new form of transit has been established through their efforts, our outlook on the various records changes. They sink into relative insignificance.

Yesterday it happened with motoring. To-day with flying.

When I started flying the building up of records was necessary for all the reasons I have mentioned. And there was another—a very important one.

Every country felt the necessity of carrying out sensational flights to advertise its own particular aeronautical products.

Much new ground had to be explored, and quite apart from all the technical considerations there was something in long-distance flying—the romance of it, if you like to call it that—which caught people's imagination and made these flights of far greater importance than they are to-day.

It was taken for granted that such flights would necessarily be dangerous, and that even if the pilot was not killed outright there would be some sort of exciting or enthralling adventure to entertain the public.

It made excellent news "copy." And so, as a means to an end, it achieved its object of bringing publicity, and a tremendous lot of it at that, to aviation.

There were valiant attempts, dismal and spectacular failures in turn, deaths, injuries, and crashes, with here and there a few brilliant successes. And so the pioneer work of flying went on.

By gradual and imperceptible degrees engines were improved, machines made nearer to perfection and pilots brought to the last degree of efficiency.

And so successes became more frequent and the hazards smaller, and such pilots as I were bringing nearer, without knowing it, the day when we would find it hard to earn a living in the new era we had helped to bring about.

There was Lindbergh's Atlantic flight, one of the greatest of all time because it was a tremendously great flight made with inferior equipment. Who doesn't remember the frenzy of popular acclaim that was aroused.

There was Kingsford Smith's early Pacific crossing, the more remarkable because he had to find his way to tiny islands and not a land mass, a feat demanding remarkable navigation. The public paid due tribute to the immensity of that great effort.

The pioneers taking part in these flights were people inspired by a variety of motives. Some of them, it must be admitted, were probably dazzled by the prospect of the fame that would result. Others were frankly out for adventure.

There was the Bert Hinkler type. That wonderful little airman was one of the many who sought only to break new ground. But he added to that an ambition to try out all his own personal inventions on the machines he flew, and it is believed that it was the failure of one of his own gadgets that brought him to grief and made aviation the poorer by a wonderful pilot and remarkable man.

THERE were all sorts of reasons for these pioneer efforts, but they all helped to bring this day that has now arrived when machines and engines and human material have reached the degree of efficiency at which failure is almost unknown.

And now—well, as I have said, no matter what flying record is attempted and accomplished, the public shows very little surprise. It is no longer an enthralling story. Aviation is not benefited. A country in no way advertises its products. And so no good accrues.

An example is the wonderful flight Miss Amelia Earhart made across the Pacific the other day. It was criticised as of no value. And certainly, although I am the first to say that she has a life to lead and must be allowed to live it as she pleases, I must agree.

But Miss Earhart is not the kind to have illusions. She wanted to make the flight—and did.

In short, to give a flight any sort of publicity value to-day it must have some such novel angle as was afforded by the recent England-Australia air race. And yet that cannot be repeated many times, if it can be repeated at all, for, as I have shown, it has given the last kick to record flying, the one last shock that has given it its quietus.

I am not saying that nothing remains to be done. Aviation has definitely come to stay, and it is of the utmost importance that we should improve performance, especially in regard to height, duration and speed.

The higher we fly the greater speeds we attain at less engine power and therefore smaller cost. The greater the duration of flight the smaller our world becomes. The faster we fly the better for this mode of transport in competition with the others, for speed is its special province.

It all helps to solve the biggest problem in flying to-day—payload, or how much you can carry at the highest speed at a given cost.

HOW can Atlantic flights solve that, when you have to start them so packed with petrol that there isn't room to carry anything else? It is a subject, in fact, that nobody seems interested in apart from the air line operators, and as a result research in that direction is sadly neglected.

That is a branch I would like to tackle now that record flying has lost its value. I would like to start with stratosphere flying, but nobody in this country seems anxious to spend the money for which there may be no obvious return.

Wiley Post is doing it in America. In fact, he has a machine which only does 150 miles an hour near the ground, but which, at 40,000 feet, gives 300 miles an hour for the same engine output.

Support is forthcoming for such things abroad. That is why we British—who used to hold every air record—have now lost the lot, height, speed and duration included.

We have lost leadership. We are letting others beat us at that vital question of payload, which, after all, consists of the simple economics of flying, and decides whether flying can be carried out at a profit or not.

Now you know why I can't see a job in sight.

Whether individual pilots will still think it worth while to sink their money in ventures with no hope of return I don't know. I can't think it is likely.

But I do think that Britain should make a determined effort to recapture the world's records which are still of importance to technical research and advancement. It is essential for the progress, prestige and pride of our country.

I don't suggest it out of self-interest. Nor am I thinking only of the pilots in general who gave us a reputation for record flying in the past. I am thinking of Britain.

Last Lap in the

A REVOLTING

Mrs. Kenny, with Marcelle, her eleventh child to be born since 1926. Mrs. Kenny is now leading in the "Stork Derby"

IS the whole world going baby mad? At any rate, most of that section of it known as the "Great Powers" seems to be displaying marked symptoms in that direction. The lesser ones, having no potential demands for either "cannon fodder" or cheap labour, do not seem to bother.

Whatever the explanation, or the rights and wrongs of it, monster families are now the order of the day. Europe's most aggressive statesmen have plumped for quantity, and no matter what the little unfortunates' chance in life—or of life—quantity is being rewarded—with medals and diplomas, jobs and cheques, free holidays and tracts of land, cars and four-roomed flats.

In Rome, a few weeks ago, Signor Mussolini received with full state ceremony 94 mothers who between them had averaged ten children each since November 4, 1918; some had produced thirteen children. (It is an interesting fact that this date, which is the starting line for the prize-winning races in Mussolini's "more babies" campaign, *is the date when Italy came out of the Great War.*)

To each pair of winning parents, some of whom showed evidence of being shortly about to break their own records, Mussolini presented a gold medal and 4,000 lire (about £70) in cash. The mothers got the medals—but the fathers got the money.

In Germany Herr Hitler's "bigger families" campaign is being carried through with Teutonic thoroughness; and with typical Teutonic lack of humour. In Munich recently the father of twenty-five children was fêted with brass bands. The whole city's fire brigade stood godfather to the twenty-fifth. Incidentally, the two parents were so poor that they did not even possess bedding, and subscriptions had to be opened on their behalf.

In France there is a similar campaign sponsored by the State, which spends several millions of francs annually on advertisements and on benefits to exceptionally large families.

Maddest baby race

And Britain now seems to be catching the same complaint. The ball was opened a few weeks ago by the *Lancet*, august journal of medical opinion, with its dire prophecies that in thirty years' time there will be eleven million fewer people in this country if the present rate of population decrease is maintained. Church leaders, ex-statesmen and other publicists are now taking up the same cry. Bishop Barnes, for instance, suggests a family average of four throughout the country—which means gigantic families for quite a lot of people.

But it has been left to a British Dominion to produce a satirical comment on the whole business—an incident which spotlights all the farcical side of this world panic about babies. Over in Canada there is now proceeding the maddest baby race ever.

It had its beginning on October 31, 1926, when there died in Toronto an eccentric and wealthy barrister named Charles Vance Millar—known to all Canada, which enjoyed his celebrated wisecracks and his practical joking in court, as "Charlie Millar." He was a bachelor who had accumulated an immense fortune at the Bar, at racecourses and in the brewing business, and a huge reputation as a cheerful liver and a good fellow.

But the biggest joke that "Charlie" ever made was his last will and testament.

In this will he left £100,000 to the Toronto mother who would bear the most children in the ten years from the date of his death. One hundred thousand pounds is the most enormous prize ever offered as an individual gamble. As a bequest it is, moreover, legally and indisputably genuine. The seriousness can, however, be gauged from other items in Millar's will.

Eccentric bequests

He left, for instance, his controlling interest in one of the Empire's biggest breweries to twenty-five Methodist ministers at the Toronto Conference—who are the most ardent Temperance reformers and Prohibitionists in all Canada.

His shares in the Ontario Jockey Club, controllers of racing in Canada, he left to three men who are famous for their "uplift" ideas and as the most bitter opponents of horse-racing in the country.

Finally, he appointed as executors for his £400,000 estate—for a period of ten years until the baby race is over—two of Canada's biggest trust corporations who are deadly rivals. "Charlie" Millar gave as a reason for this in his will, "that they would quarrel so much over fees, and this would help to keep the handling of the estate perfectly straight."

That will has not been upset, and now the baby race in Toronto is going all out and reaching its final stages. With twenty-one months to go, there are now three women left in the race.

The leader so far is Mrs. Frances Lilian Kenny, a French Canadian, who has just had her eleventh child in the period of slightly over eight years since the race began.

The child was born in a Toronto hospital shortly before Christmas. For weeks before Mrs. Kenny had demanded and obtained the best ante-natal care which the country could offer. The doctors, who had predicted twins, basked, like Mrs. Kenny, in the limelight flood of publicity which surrounded her expected confinement. But they guarded her during it like a princess—only accepting occasionally, on her behalf, a few aeroplane loads of special milk and foods from American manufacturers of nursing commodities!

Deaths don't count

When at last the child was born Mrs. Kenny could not contain her disappointment that "it wasn't twins." The whole hospital was put in an uproar, and the doctors who had predicted more than a single birth had to hide their embarrassment as best they could while explaining away their mistaken prophecies to corps of special writers sent to them by leading Canadian and American newspapers.

Mrs. Kenny is thirty-one. Although she is now leading in the race for "Charlie" Millar's £100,000, it is a strange and interesting comment on her prowess, and indeed on the whole race, that her husband, Matthew, is now drawing public relief for the pair of them and their family.

There is also another grim side to their story. In twelve years of marriage she has had fourteen children, including two sets of twins. Only five are living. But there might have been six except for an incident which befell them some time ago. The Kennys are utterly poverty-stricken, and the bare hovel in which they live is infested by rats. In 1923 a rat killed their one-year-old son Patrick.

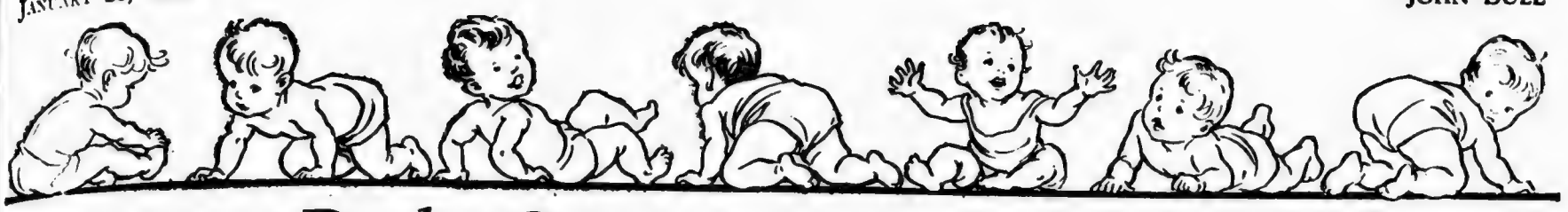
But deaths do not count in this race, and happy, well-fed, growing children apparently do not matter. It is the births that count.

The runner-up in this crazy race is Mrs. Grace Bagnato, aged 41, who has just given birth to her ninth child in eight years.

Open war

Mrs. Bagnato and her husband Joseph are Italians who, in their twenty-eight years of marriage, have had twenty-three children, of whom fourteen are alive.

But in spite of this huge family the Bagnatos' home is, fortunately, a little better off than the Kennys. Joseph is in constant work, and Mrs.



£100,000 Birth Contest

RACE for MOTHERS

The ninety-four Italian women who have borne the greatest number of children in the last twelve years photographed after they had been received in Rome by Mussolini

Bagnato also adds to the family income. She is a linguist, and works as an interpreter at the Toronto courts where, owing to the city's polyglot population, her services are in constant demand the year round.

She allows the birth of each successive child to interfere very little with her court job. Usually she works at the courts up to the very last day, and on one occasion she left her job and went straight to the hospital, where a child was born a few hours later.

Between these two women there is now open war. Typical of the atmosphere surrounding this mad baby race, which has already turned the simplest and the most sacred fact of human life into a circus, are the recent utterances of these two misguided "mass-production" mothers.

Said Mrs. Kenny after her eleventh "race child": "I'm determined to beat that Bagnato woman, if nothing else. She's ten years older than me, and I'll go right on having children every year. I'll probably have twins before October, 1936 (when the race ends). But, anyway, I'll beat that Bagnato woman. See if I don't."

Said Mrs Bagnato after her ninth: "I'm strong and in the best of health. I've been disappointed in many things during my life. But this time I think Mrs. Kenny will be disappointed. I'll get that £100,000."

There is a third woman in the race, however, who may upset the chances of both the leaders—if her case succeeds. Her appearance in the contest adds an even greater air of fantasy to the matter.

Outsider's chance

She is a Mrs. Stephen Darrigo, also a member of the Toronto Italian colony. She claims to have had sixteen children, ten of them since 1926. Seven of them have been duly registered at the Births Office and are in the race, but Mrs. Darrigo states that she forgot to "enter" the other three. She is now endeavouring to do so, and the Registrar is solemnly considering her plea. If she succeeds she will, on the arrival of her next child, which is expected shortly, be level with Mrs. Kenny. And, as she says, "it" may be twins or even triplets, which will put her ahead.

Thus, in the words that "Charlie" Millar would no doubt have used: "The outsider will have come up and won at the post."

The final note comes with the reported attempt to make Mrs. Dionne, the quintuplets mother, a last-minute entry for the £100,000. Mrs. Dionne, the French Canadian farmer's wife whose five girl babies in a row caused "a world stir" a few months ago, lives in Ontario, the province of which Toronto is the capital.

Attempts are being made, it is said, to make her several terms of residence and visits to Toronto as qualifications for the prize. If this is allowed Mrs. Dionne should sweep the field. She had six children before the last batch of five, all born since 1926—and she is expecting another one (or another five!) shortly.

The £100,000 prize would, however, be merely a pleasant little "extra" for the Dionne family, since the arrival last year of the five babies at once has already made them comparatively wealthy. They have earned more for father in eleven months than he could have hoped to make all his life.

A board of guardians has had to be appointed to supervise the worldly affairs of the little girls and invest the money which has poured into the family since they were born.

Encouraging!

This Board has arranged kinema rights, newspaper picture rights, and particularly advertising contracts with food manufacturers and medical firms which is bringing in over £4,000 a year for many years.

The upkeep and responsibility for the babies is also off the parents' hands. Each of them sleeps and lives in its own little cot in a private hospital pavilion specially built by the Canadian Government. The wages of the nurses and doctors who look after them are paid by the Board.

Mr. Dionne was recently "persuaded" to turn down an offer of £2,000 to show them for a few weeks at an American exhibition! Even without the possible chance of winning "Charlie" Millar's £100,000 prize, the Dionne family can afford to laugh at such offers!

This fantastic £100,000 baby race is merely a little more of a circus than the similar efforts which are being embarked on by Governments. It illumines their campaigns which, in effect, are little different. The prizes are not so big, but there are many more of them. That is all.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The Choice

MORE than 2,000 years ago a great philosopher said: "Where lies good? In choice. Where lies evil? In choice. Where lies neither good nor evil? In things independent of choice."

And after 2,000 years and more no one has been able to better that statement, though many have copied it.

We are what we will ourselves to be. We—and we alone—can do well or we can do ill. No one can compel us to do either.

The mainsprings of emotion are the same. What is different is the end to which they are directed. Envy, for instance, is just the same emotion as that which makes a man contented with what is his own. The only difference is in the point of view. Anger and good will—what are they but the same spring of energy directed to opposite ends?

It is a simple physiological truth that, at any given moment, we have a certain amount of energy at our disposal—not an inexhaustible supply, but a definite quantity. We can use it as we will—for good or evil. And our choice is always simple.

We can be angry—or we can remain calm. We can be generous—or we can be mean. We can be kind—or we can be spiteful. We can be understanding and sympathetic—or we can be intolerant.

We can be a thousand things—or their reverse. But in each and every case the choice for good or evil is ours.

"What is the most excellent of all things?" asked the same old philosopher, and he answered his own question by saying "A right choice."

Why you need the special properties of 'OVALTINE'

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1'1, 1'10 and 3'3.

HEALTH . . . strength . . . vigour . . . depend almost entirely upon the food you eat. It is essential therefore that your daily dietary should provide ***all*** the health-giving properties your body needs. Moreover, this nourishment must be available in an easily digestible and assimilable form, so that it is completely absorbed into the system.

That is why you need 'Ovaltine.' This complete and perfect tonic food beverage presents, in the most easily digestible form, every nutritive element required for creating abundant energy and for building up body, brain and nerves.

The scientific preparation of 'Ovaltine' ensures that it is completely and quickly assimilated even by the weakest digestive system. For this reason 'Ovaltine' is widely prescribed by doctors in all cases of impaired digestion and assimilation. It is also a standard article of diet in the leading Hospitals, Sanatoria and Nursing Homes throughout the world.

'Ovaltine' owes its special properties to the nature and excellence of its ingredients—malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs—and to highly scientific methods of manufacture which cannot be used by others. Remember, also, that there are very important differences between 'Ovaltine' and imitations. There is only one 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine'

P.106a

Where safety is a 'buy-word'

Have you ever stopped to think how useful JOHN BULL's advertisements are to you? Each week they provide you with a reliable buying-guide that can not only save you money but protect you from disappointment. When you buy from JOHN BULL advertisements you are doubly sure of satisfaction.

* * *

In the first place, the very fact that the goods are advertised in a great national paper like JOHN BULL is an assurance that the people who make them are proud of them and are not afraid to put their name on them. Someone once said that goods that aren't branded and advertised are like Murphy's mule—without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Make sure *you* don't get "kicked." Make a point of turning to JOHN BULL when you plan your spending.

* * *

There is a second big reason why you should. *Every manufactured article advertised in* JOHN BULL *is backed by the famous* JOHN BULL *Guarantee printed in each issue.* By responding to advertisements in JOHN BULL you thus make sure of double protection. Make safety a 'buy-word" in your weekly spending. Buy from the guaranteed columns of Britain's greatest weekly and be sure of satisfaction.

* * *

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers, therefore, need never hesitate to respond to them, for their goods are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any advertisement in JOHN BULL—that is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is:—

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— JB

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

FLU EPIDEMIC

ATTACKS CONSTIPATED FIRST!

Unless you are clean and regular internally, you are easy prey to intestinal influenza. Feen-a-mint offers the most effective of all precautions, for it banishes constipation and keeps you fit and out of the danger zone. Chew a Feen-a-mint, and in a few hours the system is cleaned of poisonous waste matter; glowing health such as you never knew before is yours! Make Feen-a-mint *your* guard against flu and all dangers of constipation. Your money will be returned in full if you are not completely satisfied. From all chemists 1/3, or, for a FREE SAMPLE, send 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G.10), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1. JB

You've Something to SING About

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to BEN DAVIES

DEAR BEN DAVIES,—When the last Honours List was printed on January 1, I looked at it in vain for your name, just as I always look at it twice a year hoping to find the names of people distinguished in Art, Science and Letters.

Although I do not believe in titles, I think, as do most people, that if they are conferred upon anybody, the recipients should be not all those dull and dreary officials, most of whom merely do office work, nor those strange guys who are said to have rendered "public and political services," although we did not know until we were told, but those folk whose names mean something in the land.

And you are one of those.

They knighted Charles Santley. They knighted Henry Lytton, and Landon Ronald, and all sorts of conductors, although Jack Hylton seems to have escaped. Yes, why not you?

No, I really believe that, when the Honours List has been drawn up, somebody goes through it and says, "Cross out everybody who has done anything and leave the mutts in." That's what it looks like to me.

I saw, the other day, that you were 77! Well, you can look back on a career that the whole Welsh nation applauds, a career that is unblemished, a career that reflects credit upon all the people of the nation from whom you sprang; yes, and upon the whole world of concert artists.

I shall always regard you as the last of the kid-glove tenors. I remember the last time I heard you. It was in the Albert Hall, not much more than four years ago, I should think. You were singing again in "The Messiah," the most glorious of all oratorios, although you were over 70!

You were still standing there just as you had done many years before, your voice still sweet and clear, your diction perfect, your stance a model of dignity.

Lloyd George was in a box, specially to hear you. You belonged to his Wales, and he bathed, for once, in the reflected glory of another Welshman's triumph.

"The Messiah," written though it was by a German, belongs more to the British people than does any other composition. Literally, hundreds of thousands of people have learned it by heart. They have belonged to mighty choirs, some of the proudest to that of the Royal Choral Society and innumerable others to church choirs and chapel choirs up and down the land.

It is from singers like the people who form those mighty choirs that you came. You were a shop assistant born at Pontadawe, in South Wales. You worked in a draper's shop behind the counter. And yet you became the finest Handelian singer ever known!

That is your pride, and it is ours.

"He's got that *something*," other singers say of you, enviously.

It is a belief, perhaps, in the words you sing. It is a sincerity, perhaps, deep down in your heart. It was born in you, as is all great Art, because of a struggle, an endurance.

They do not teach it in the schools. Life is the great master.

It is difficult to realise, but it was in 1875, four years before I was born, that you came to London and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. In those days, they used to give opera shows in morning dress. Carl Rosa would go along, spot any talent and sign it up. Well, there are no Carl Rosas now. Their place seems to have been taken by the baby boys of the B.B.C. They don't know.

Well, after three years with the Carl Rosa Opera company on tour, you came to London, but could not get a job. You may have forgotten it, for your life has been a crowded one.

Why, you have been to Germany to sing nine times since then, and thirteen times to America, and also as far South as Cape Town and right across the world to the Antipodes. Yet, you could not get a job. London was always like that. It is to-day.

Then—who would believe it—you got a job in "Dorothy"! You were the tenor, Marie Tempest was the soprano, and Hayden Coffin the baritone.

Then you helped to open the Palace Theatre with Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." Everyone thought it would run two years. It was the two years that ran.

I wonder if South Wales remembers that, when you were quite young, Eos Morlais was the great tenor, the tenor of tenors, the king of kings.

"No one can ever equal him," they said.

But then you came on the scene, eclipsing him, and ever since then South Wales has regarded you, as I do, as the perfection of your type.

Well, if no official person puts you in the Honours List, the singers of the country have done it long since. You have been an inspiration and an object-lesson to all young singers for half a century.

* * *

People do not know, but you were an inspiration, when he was lying on his deathbed, even to our greatest composer, Elgar. Only a few months ago, you were singing, on the air, your most famous aria, "Waft Her, Angels." Elgar, lying ill at Worcester, was listening in. The next day, you received from him a post-card, thanking you, paying you a great tribute. Well, that was finer than any knighthood, wasn't it?

I know many of you South Wales singers. You all come from the people. The aristocracy produces nothing. Art comes out of the soil, like the wealth does.

Francis Russell, one fine tenor born in South Wales, drove an engine in a colliery. Tudor Davies, another, was an engineer. Parry Jones, a third, was an insurance agent. Trefor Jones, a fourth, was a miner. Then my friend Arthur Fear, the baritone, was a miner, too.

One day, someone will pay tribute to all those working men who have added to the glory of British Art. No one seems to recognise it. No one seems to care.

We treat Art in England as though it is the snobbish thing the West End thinks. Actually, it is permeating more and more the lives of the common people of the land. In the great days that are to come, when Machinery will do the work and Man, freed from the slavery of toil, will, living in a great commonwealth, be able to indulge his cultural aspirations, there will be lots like you.

Yes, you are one of the great Victorians. But, even in "good King George's nervous days," we will applaud you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Dr. E. C. SNOW,
Royal Statistical Society

DEAR DOCTOR,—Economists are rarely popular, but you certainly deserve to be. You want another Bank Holiday and a shorter working week, and you condemn those employers who refuse to shorten the hours of labour unless the pay-roll is also cut down.

You can see no sound economic argument against your proposals, and I have often discussed the great increase in prosperity which they would accomplish.

We may have to wait for some time before we get what we want, doctor, but we shall win in the end.

JOHN BULL.

PROVOST KAY,
Newton-Stewart, Wigtown

DEAR PROVOST,—Talking about the new Shops Act, you assert that some of these new laws debar people from earning a living.

But shopkeepers who make their assistants work disgraceful hours are debarring other assistants from earning a living. Which of those two evils do you prefer?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS: Was Duke of Devonshire breaking news gently to us when he said you'd be welcome in House of Lords?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—There is something wrong in the department that administers the training centres for the unemployed. Allegations of victimisation are rife; a committee has mentioned "financial irregularities" and asked for an enquiry, but in vain.

I advise you to hold that enquiry very soon and to examine the complaints that men who engage in staff activities are penalised—but you must also offer adequate protection to the witnesses.

JOHN BULL.

LORD RODNEY,
London

MY LORD,—Living, when at home, on a ranch in Alberta, you know what happens to child emigrants in Canada. And you say that when placed in foster-homes they are usually considered as a form of cheap labour, overworked, and kept from school.

Family emigration from here has practically ceased, and your revelation of the treatment of friendless children should be investigated by the Home and Canadian Governments immediately.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. J. A. WHITAKER,
Brandon, Suffolk

DEAR CAPTAIN,—Because certain council tenants fail to use their bathrooms, you argue that such conveniences are unnecessary in the houses yet to be built.

So because a few people choose to go unwashed you would compel others to be dirty whether they want to or not?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELLEN JARVIS,
Downham, London, S.E.

JARVIS,—One of the disgusting letters you sent to a neighbour was so terrible that she could not keep it in the house. The Public Prosecutor at Greenwich Police Court mentioned another so indecent that he couldn't read it in court.

Why your neighbours should have been so wickedly treated by you I do not know, but I do know that a woman of sixty-two who resorts to filthy behaviour of this kind is not unduly punished by a fine of £10 and costs, or the alternative of two months' imprisonment. I really hope you won't be able to pay that fine.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH PARKER,
West Gorton, Manchester

MADAM,—You "didn't know the requirements of the Moneylenders' Act," it was said when you were proved to have charged two working women 442 per cent. interest, one still owing the £3 she borrowed after paying you more than £20 interest.

But you ought to know the requirements of common humanity. That would be enough to make you less of a bloodsucker.

JOHN BULL.

BRIG.-GEN. CROZIER: Britain's real enemy is war! you say. Other enemies those who haven't yet realised it.—JOHN BULL.

JUDGE PARSONS,
Bristol County Court,

DEAR JUDGE,—You can well afford to ignore the anonymous letter-writer who complains of your refusal to jail unemployed debtors.

Your intention to proceed in your "Way of iniquity" is the resolve of a humane judge, who realises the unfairness of sending debtors to prison so long as they are denied the chance of earning enough to meet their obligations.

JOHN BULL.

Lady CLODAGH ANSON,
London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Known as the "Good Fairy of the Embankment," you devote your time to helping down-and-outs and discharged convicts. Now a crook whom you started in a little business has badly let you down.

But I am sure this will not discourage you in your fine work of mercy, and I hope you will long continue to be "a shining example of charity and kindness," as Mr. Justice Humphreys has so rightly called you.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES A. GRANT,
Troon, Ayrshire

GRANT,—It is men like you who make some people think that generosity is a mug's game. Alec Jackson, the famous footballer, was the victim of your meanness—you stole from him over £38 and a cheque besides.

Jackson's humanity in giving you a job when you were down on your luck was typical of him; your two months' imprisonment is poor consolation to him for the error he made in befriending you.

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE TEBBS,
Wolverhampton

YOUR HONOUR,—You object to "prior to" and "subsequent to" and other monstrosities of language used by counsel, and I hope your fight for plain English succeeds.

Above all, I wish you could do something about our Acts of Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN SEVERNS,
Grassmoor, Derbyshire

DEAR SIR,—After summoning a miner for assault, his brother saved your son from being run over on the railway.

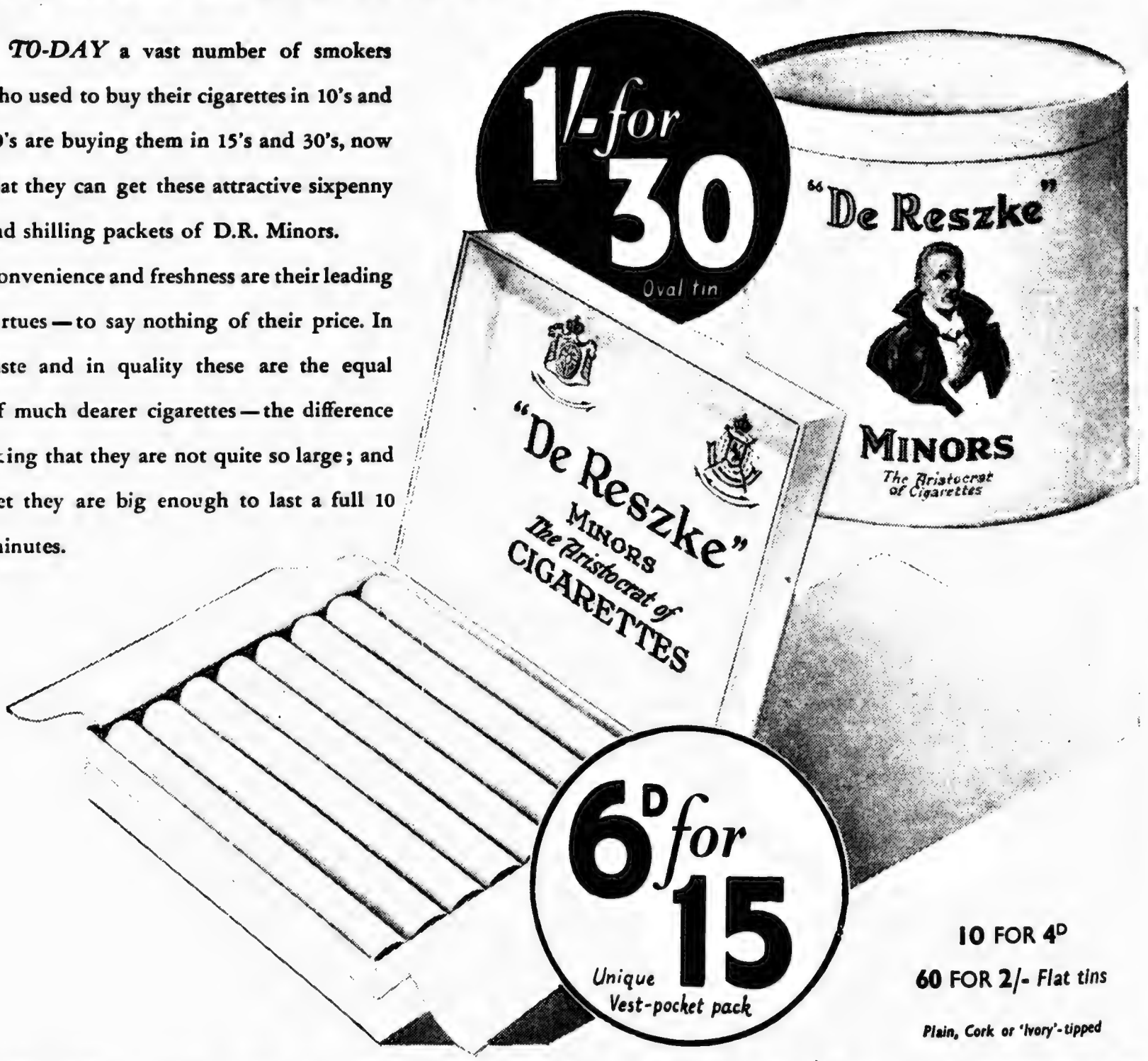
So, to repay one good deed with another, you have withdrawn the summons. As you are the landlord of the Sportsman Inn, nothing could be more appropriate.

JOHN BULL.

TWO PACKS THAT HAVE *REVOLUTIONIZED* CIGARETTE-BUYING

TO-DAY a vast number of smokers who used to buy their cigarettes in 10's and 20's are buying them in 15's and 30's, now that they can get these attractive sixpenny and shilling packets of D.R. Minors.

Convenience and freshness are their leading virtues—to say nothing of their price. In taste and in quality these are the equal of much dearer cigarettes—the difference being that they are not quite so large; and yet they are big enough to last a full 10 minutes.



10 FOR 4D

60 FOR 2/- Flat tins

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory'-tipped

DE RESZKE **MINORS**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

by A. G. GARDINER

How much LLOYD GEORGE matters

BUT DOES HE POINT THE RIGHT WAY?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S hat is in the ring, and the air is loud with the sound of battle. For this, whatever view we hold of the mercurial Welshman, we may all feel grateful.

The political atmosphere has become stagnant and oppressive. We are within a year, perhaps a few months, of a General Election, and beyond a widespread dissatisfaction with the Government and a pretty clear indication that the country is moving to the Left, the political landscape is cloaked in a fog.

It needed a fresh wind to spring up and blow the fog away. Mr. Lloyd George has provided the wind. With his reappearance in the ring politics have come to life again. They are never dull when he is on the warpath, and, whether we agree or disagree with him—and I do both violently—he has the merit of disturbing and exciting us. He makes politics as thrilling as a country fair and in the arts of the showman he has never been excelled.

In these democratic days publicity is as important to a politician as it is to a film star, and no politician living—or, for that matter, dead—has had anything approaching his genius for cultivating the Press and arousing the expectations of the public.

Can he come back?

Now, after twelve years of political eclipse, during which he has been looking after his pigs and his apples—not unforgotten by the Press photographer—he has, in the great language of the ring, "staged a come-back." He is seventy-two, and obviously as fit as a fiddle, and he is going to have one more flutter in the arena in which he has played so great a part and the arts of which he knows better than any man living.

What are the chances that he will bring it off? And by bringing it off, I mean what are the prospects of his return to power, either as the head of an administration, or as a member of an administration of which, whether at the head or the tail, he would be the driving power?

In attempting an answer to these questions, I do not propose to discuss the programme he foreshadowed at Bangor. That has been sufficiently discussed elsewhere. Moreover, stripped of its trimmings, it is fairly familiar—the application of public funds to vast public works, land settlement and so on.

Something for all

But there is one feature of his programme which indicates the strategy he is pursuing to achieve his "come back." There is something in it for everybody. The earnest young Tory, like Mr. Harold Macmillan, is appealed to on the one hand, Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Eden on the other. Lord Snowden's stern financial purism is called in to bear witness that the proposals are not a menace to our financial stability. There is much that Labour has committed itself to, and much that will appeal to Liberals.

Now in casting his net wide, Mr. Lloyd George is true to himself.

His first words at Bangor disclaimed any connection with any Party. He has always disliked organised Parties, and even as long ago as 1910, when he was a member of the Liberal Government, he was manœuvring for a coalition of Parties. He dislikes organised Parties because they fetter ministerial freedom and interfere with personal Government.

And personal Government is the only form of Government that appeals to him. With the disintegration of Parties and the manipulation of public opinion through the Press personal Government becomes possible.

The electorate, instead of being marshalled in Party camps with rigid policies, becomes a fluid mass subject to the magician who can best hypnotise it with his "most potent art."

And Mr. Lloyd George has, rightly, no doubt as to who that magician is. The war was the heyday of his personal Government, and he slew the Liberal Party in 1918 in order to preserve that power untrammelled by Party caucuses. The attempt failed and he disappeared from the seat of power.

Now he returns with the same motive. He is above Party. He despises Party. He appeals to men of all camps to gather under his personal banner and to give him that support which will enable him to form the Government the country needs.

Personality's pull

Can he do it? I am not considering here whether it is desirable that he should do it, but whether it is possible for him to do it.

There is one great fact in his favour. There was never a time—not even after the war—when the electorate was so incalculable. Party affiliations have weakened, except perhaps in the case of Labour There are millions of voters to-day who have never been mobilised in any camp, and who sway hither and thither according to events, the mood of the moment, or the influence of a personality.

This unfixed, indeterminate mass of opinion is Mr. Lloyd George's chief asset. He is easily the most skilful electioneerer in the country to-day. He is so easily the first that no one else occurs to the mind for the second place. And this counts for much at a time when the country is feeling painfully the strange lack of outstanding personalities in its public life.

Then, as always, he has "a wonderful Press"—from the sober *Manchester Guardian* to the flamboyant journals of the two powerful Press barons who recall the great days they had when he was in power and they could feel that Fleet Street was running the war and the country

Nor will he be without a distinguished personal following. He has already captured Lord Snowden, who carries weight, if not with Labour certainly with the unattached opinion of the country. I shall be surprised if Mr. Churchill's lonely wanderings do not bring him in step with his old chief. And there are others.

Bold adventure

What of his prospects with the organised Parties? In spite of his past and his repudiation of Party loyalties, he will probably command the support of the bulk of the Liberals in the country. If he will not carry their colours, they can at least carry his. He will detach some Conservatives, but not many, and I do not see that he can hope to make any serious inroads on the embattled front of Labour. It is to the unattached mass to which I have referred that he can alone look for effective support.

But his weakness is the lack of an organisation—paradoxically enough, of the lack of a Party. Labour has its candidates in the field, the Conservatives have their candidates in the field, and the Liberals have their candidates in the field. But where are the candidates that Mr. Lloyd George can put in the field in such numbers as to give him the possibility of victory? He has set himself to disrupt the old Parties and create a new one out of the fragments. And all this has to be achieved within a few months. I do not think it can be done.

But that does not make me less grateful to him for his bold adventure. He has made politics interesting again. And he has done much to clear away the fog and enable us to face the issues before us in a clearer light.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

I'D rather be a film star than an extra,
A squire than just a keeper in his park;
Since responsibilitee
Will not put the wind up me,
I would rather be a bookie than his clerk.

I'd rather be a Bishop than a curate,
A choice which can, of course, be understood;
For I often sit and wish
I had half of what the Bishop of London gets per year for being good!

I'd willingly encase my calves in gaiters,
Of poise and piety I'd show no lack;
For ten thousand pounds a year,
I desire to make it clear,
I would gladly wear my collar front-to-back!

But wondering how to spend my lordly stipend
Might cause me many sleepless nights in bed—
So from London's Bishop I
To obtain some tips would try,
For he, it seems, can do it on his head!

Many a citizen might find the task of living up to an income of nearly £200 a week scarcely less difficult than that of living down to one of £200 a year.

A young man endeavouring to behave like a young man about town, with the aid of a public-house necktie and a fourpenny cigar, would, of course, feel confident of his ability to run through a paltry ten thou.

And the chances are he could manage it, with the conscientious assistance of fast women and slow horses. But deprive him of these old-established guides to Carey Street, and where would he be?

This is where the Bishop of London reveals his marked superiority over the Jubilee Plunger type of spendthrift. For his Grace is able to get rid of a five-figure income without even glancing sideways at the champagne when it is bubbly or having so much as a half-crown both ways on something for the 3.30.

When the Bishop invited sixteen unemployed dockers to tea at Fulham Palace, the men produced balance-sheets showing that they received only 5d. a day and 2d. for each child. But the Bishop was not to be intimidated by such financial revelations.

"So I produced my balance-sheet," he told a Bournemouth audience, "which showed that I received £10,000 and my expenditure was £10,600."

Whether his hearers obliged with three hearty cheers or three heartfelt tears is not stated.

But by the time they left Fulham Palace those unemployed dockers must have realised that they were not the only people with monetary troubles.

* * *

Of course, we all know that the Bishop of London is involved in heavy official expenditure, including the upkeep of a stately home for which he, as a quietly living bachelor, has no use, still——.

Also we may be sure that, where Dr. Ingram is concerned, charity covers a multitude of disbursements, still——.

Still, still,
His Grace won't take it ill,
I hope if I assure him, in the name of Docker Bill,
That in showing just how poor
On ten thousand pounds or more
He can be, his total score
For tact was—*nil*!

Tact, tact,
Is what the Bishop lacked!
Although to live within his means his brain he's often racked,
Yet to reason in this way
With a man whose only pay
May be sevenpence a day
Is scarcely tact!

JOHN BULL.

THERE'S STILL TIME for you to make sure of your 12-volume "Wonderland of Knowledge" Library. See pages 4 and 5, and apply at once.

The Lady Bountiful OF LONDON!

Conquered Her Own

NERVOUS DEBILITY Saved 12 Others

From Such Complaints as

INDIGESTION, INSOMNIA, HEADACHES, WEAKNESS

STILL Yeast-Vite continues to Triumph.

To-day we publish the amazing case and practical gratitude of Mrs. C., of London.

Having banished her own Nervous Debility and Headaches after years of suffering, she felt compelled to bring the marvellous benefit of "Yeast-Vite" to other sufferers. Out of the gratitude of her heart she GAVE AWAY bottles of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets . . . truly a Bountiful act.

The sufferers to whom she gave them now meet her and pour out their thanks, conveying undying gratitude.

Their complaints were many and varied: They suffered from Headaches, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Lack of Strength . . . but not once did "Yeast-Vite" fail to bring the swift and complete relief which has made its name a household word all over the world.

If YOU are a sufferer you must AT ONCE try "Yeast-Vite" . . . the wonder Tonic of the Age. By sheer force of Powerful Vitamin Nutrition and the Quick Action of other Tonic and Recuperative elements, it Swiftly brings Relief and fills the body with New Life, New Strength, New Health.

LONDON.

Dear Sirs,—Through the marvellous power of "Yeast-Vite" I have been enabled to regain my health after years of terrible suffering from Nervous Debility and Headaches, which made my life a misery.

Nothing I ever tried seemed to do me any good. But from "Yeast-Vite" I have obtained instant relief. So I kept on with your marvellous Tablets and to my unbounded delight within a few weeks I was absolutely a new woman.

I then and there decided that I would personally bring the marvellous value of "Yeast-Vite" to all I met who were suffering and I have since given away twelve bottles. The relief I have seen them give has made me exceedingly glad that "Yeast-Vite" has made it possible for me to bring happiness to so many sufferers' lives.

One who had never known a good night's sleep for years told me she had slept soundly since taking them.

Another met me two days later in the street and I could hardly believe it was the same man, he looked so well. His trouble was overwork and general lack of strength, and many others suffering from such complaints as headaches, etc., say they have never before experienced such quick relief.

Another man who has been an absolute martyr to Indigestion says: "At last I can eat what I like without suffering, and it is all due to the 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets you gave me. My undying gratitude goes out to you and 'Yeast-Vite' which has stopped a lifetime's suffering."

I always carry "Yeast-Vite" with me to give to those I find who are suffering, and I gladly do it to show my appreciation of the wonderful cure I have myself experienced.

Yours in Deepest Gratitude.

(Signed) Mrs. G. C.

"A lady who had never known a good night's sleep for years told me she had slept soundly since taking 'Yeast-Vite.'"

"A man met me two days later, and I could hardly believe it was the same one, he looked so well."

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS - -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES - -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE - - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION - -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" - - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION - -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION - -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS -	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM - -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE—NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD, and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

A Film Game for Fools— HUNT the MONSTER!

TWO remarkable expeditions to the South Sea Islands, planned by separate individuals, are being extensively advertised in the columns of certain daily newspapers.

The offer is, in each case, calculated to appeal to young men with romantic views of the "vast blue Pacific," with its coral reefs and virgin forests.

A concern calling itself the South Seas Film Expedition, with an office in High Holborn, London, invites applications from those willing to go exploring: a retired colonel of the Indian Army is anxious to assemble a party, with whom he intends to embark in search of gold.

High adventure

The destinations of both these venturous expeditions is the mandated territory of New Guinea, called, in former days, Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. It is our mission to warn those who may be tempted to put up sums ranging from £400 to £1,000.

Advertising through the medium of the "Personal" column, the South Seas Film Expedition offers accommodation in a luxurious yacht, its purpose being to explore, either to make films, or merely for pleasure.

The promoters are established in a comfortable office, the walls of which are lined with maps, upon which red flags mark the places to be visited. The room is equipped with a chair for visitors.

A typist seated in one corner is usually engaged acknowledging the scores of letters received from those who would go adventuring on desert islands, or in quest of cannibal tribes.

Those interested in the proposition are shown pictures of a small sea-going vessel, said to be lying at anchor in Southampton Water, and which is to be named the *Jungle Hawk*.

The directors are keen to make a film of wild animal life and tribal customs in the unexplored interior of New Guinea. A party of ten persons, equipped with sound-recording apparatus and cameras, guns and so forth, is to penetrate the mystery rivers and dense forests known to exist between Port Moresby and Aitape.

It is the fond hope of both the producer and the general manager of the South Sea Film Expedition that in the swamps and among the mountains they may find prehistoric animals and monsters the like of which have never yet been seen by civilised man.

Such a prospect may doubtless make an appeal to impressionable people whose imagination may have been stirred by such films of jungle adventure as "King Kong." But anything more fantastic would be difficult to find.

One reader who called was cordially asked to subscribe to £20,000, being the amount required to cover the cost of the expedition; another was invited to find £750, and, in addition, to purchase shares in a limited company to be registered.

The director and film producer of this astonishing organisation is a Mr. E. A. Cross, and the secretary and general manager is a certain Mr. V. H. Turnidge; but neither is known in the film-making world.

The venturesome nature of the proposition they freely make will doubtlessly fire the imaginations of some with whom they are in touch; but its speculative nature must not be overlooked Up to a recent date the company was not even registered.

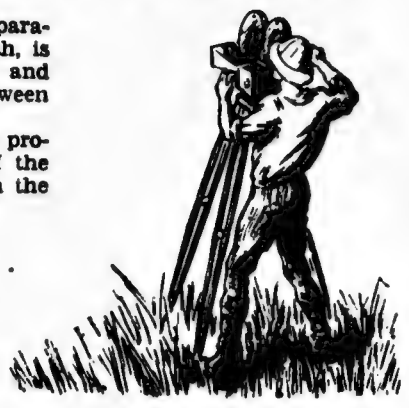
The scheme unfolded by the South Seas Film Expedition is not to be compared with the gold-mining venture about to leave for the same quarter of the world under the leadership of Lieut.-Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe, D.S.O.

The Colonel has received those who responded to advertisements in the "Situations Vacant" column at an office in 84, Kingsway, London. In launching his expedition, he has in mind not only the mandated territory, but also Papua, and Dutch New Guinea as well. He seeks to get in touch with men able to provide £400 apiece.

The gold search

The Colonel has a son out in New Guinea, who has been prospecting for gold for the past two years; and, in the meantime, the father has himself delved into the story of what is described as "Eldorado."

Persuasive literature in the form of typewritten extracts from Australian newspapers, and copies of reports made by Mr. Peter Delmé-Radcliffe, are included with the draft prospectus of a company, to be called the New Guinea Exploration Syndicate, Ltd.



Among the mountains they hope to find monsters the like of which have never been seen by civilised man

The party led by the Colonel is to include eight claim-holders, himself, his wife, and Miss Joan Delmé-Radcliffe, in addition to which an old servant is to accompany the expedition.

All very romantic

Gold has been found in New Guinea, companies have been formed, mining-camps have come into being along the coast.

Thus encouraged, it is Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe's intention to utilise the information afforded him by his son, and take up claims, and, if necessary, explore and prospect.

Those willing to stake their faith in him are invited to put up £100 each, and, in addition, to pay £50 each for the privilege. The Colonel and his family intend to sail first, and send for the party afterwards.

Members of the party have each to pay all travelling and personal expenses, and to guarantee the cost of a possible return fare. In short, they are expected to place implicit trust in the opinions of Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe and his son.

The programme is outlined as follows: *The party will explore in the direction of the main range of mountains forming the watershed between the Ramu and the Purari rivers, many of the tributaries of which have been found to contain alluvial gold. The Finisterre Range shows similar indications, and is also worthy of examination.*

It is all very romantic, and there are possibly some who may care to gamble their money and their time in pursuit of such adventures; but there are certain facts that should be studied by those who have sought our advice.

It is true that gold is being mined with a degree of success in New Guinea; but as yet there are neither adequate roads nor railways. There are hundreds of miles of jungle and swamps.

Most of the miners already out in New Guinea are experts, with experience in Kalgoorlie and in the Klondyke. One of the companies operating has a working capital of £5,000,000.

Those seeking employment are officially advised to do so before entering the territory. It is forbidden to enter the interior without a permit from the Administrator himself.

Individuals are advised that capital up to £1,000 is necessary to anyone wishing to settle in the islands. A landing permit is required; and those making for the uplands are expected to deposit £50 against any possible breach of regulations.

Should the Colonel take a party of greenhorns out to New Guinea, he will find it necessary to make considerable preparation beforehand.

A little enquiry reveals that Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe was originally interested in the prospects of finding gold in either Western or Central Australia. He is a director of a company called the New Goldfields of Australia Exploration Co., Ltd.

Twice in the past two years or so this concern has appealed to the public for support without avail. It was registered with a nominal capital of £35,000.

It was proposed that an expedition should be fitted out with special lorries, aeroplanes and camping gear, and proceed into the unexplored regions of central Australia.

Capital—£7!

Intending investors were reminded that the Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie fields yielded between them not less than £100,000,000 worth of gold.

But the bait proved ineffective, for the total paid-up capital of the company to-day is merely £7.

The expedition he now proposes to lead is dependent largely upon the opinions of his son, who confesses that he is neither a trained mining engineer nor a prospector.

We therefore do not hesitate to warn our readers against both these fantastic schemes.

Of the two, the film expedition is least likely to succeed in its purpose. It is extremely unlikely that the Administrator will consent to any camera party proceeding into the interior of New Guinea.

The most ridiculous suggestion of all is that pertaining to prehistoric animals. A reader of JOHN BULL, who lived for many years in New Guinea, declares that, beyond crocodiles, the most the enterprising film-makers may expect to find are pigeons and pigs.

HURRY FOR YOUR CHILD'S LIBRARY!

HAVE you had your free copy of JOHN BULL'S beautiful 28-page "Wonderland Book"? If not, send for it at once before it is too late.

This week, in response to many requests, JOHN BULL again publishes details of its historic Jubilee Year Celebration Offer, in which you are given a further opportunity to secure a £250,000 Library for your children, "THE WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE"—*despatched to you at once simply on a first payment of only 5s.*

On pages 4 and 5 you will find the special application form which, if posted quickly, will bring you by return the free "Wonderland Book." In this book you are told all about "The Wonderland of Knowledge" Library—all about its 15,000 illustrations, its 6,000 large pages, its 100 magnificent colour plates, and the countless wonders of knowledge with which it deals.

Take your mind back—try to imagine what it would have meant to you when you were young to have had a library like this. You will instantly see that this opportunity presents "a chance in life" for your children that you should not fail to seize on their behalf.

This offer definitely closes on Tuesday, February 5, and it may even have to be withdrawn before then if applications continue to pour in at the present rate. Turn to pages 4 and 5, and act at once.

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£5 CASH BONUS and Half Profit, Either Sex, anywhere, selling 1/- lines. Free samps.—Write for partics., Letherbee, Broad St. Chams., Bath, Som.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 26a, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham, 95,000 successful pupils.

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CHEAP Printing—1,000 Billheads, 3/6. 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

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BRITAIN'S Cheapest Printers. Billheads 1/6 1,000, Handbills 2/6. Quality work, quick service. Send p.c. big range free samples. Service Press, 9, Broad St., Bath.

MAKE money with the new ADANA High-Speed Automatic Printing Machine. Turn to the offer on page 41.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue
Address: The Advert Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 3½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Unetdus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA, 120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs., &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups & Srs., 4/-. Glass & H'dware Cat. Catlg. & Guide, worth £5, FREE. Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

JAY'S Rotary SALE solves all furnishing problems. Bumper bargains now offered cannot be repeated. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 27 for Free Bargain Catalogue, including a range of Free Gifts for your selection.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Remington Typewriter advt. on page 36 for particulars of the Home Portable and Noiseless Portable machines, which can now be obtained for only 10 monthly payments of 20 -. Turn to the offer now and read the advantages that a Remington Noiseless will bring. Then send the Coupon for further details.

USE RUG WOOLS! Let us send you our 1935 1/- Book of Designs. It's free if you mention *John Bull*. A p.c. will do. Write to Readicut Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

THE RIGHT KIND of Flannels to wear are semi-Oxford Flannels, with the wide leg. Get a pair from the Flannel King of Twickenham. Only by sending there can you buy them at 5/- per pair. See advt. on page 3 for address.

Insist on

100 VOLTS 5/-
66 VOLTS 3/6
ALL PRICES U.K. ONLY.

EVER READY RADIO

THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List JB1543 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free.—BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road LONDON.

WHY NOT CUT YOUR OWN HAIR and Save Hairdresser's Charges? Thousands are using the new Easytrim Comb advertised by Wm Penn in the "Shop Window," page 3. Send for one to-day.

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on approval. The complete 75 Garment Home-made Layette for 50/- (Cash payment or Terms), Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Petts, Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality, 42/-. Also tucking sets 18/6 and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

DON'T overlook the latest Rizla "One Hand" Cigarette Rollers Pouch Outfit announced on page 22. The most useful invention since cigarette rolling began. So simple a child can use it. And only 4d. complete. If your tobacconist is out of stock the Rizla "One Hand" Pouch can be obtained direct (post free 6d.) from the makers. Address appears in the advt.

THE BARGAIN OF BARGAINS! You will be amazed at the offer made by Aircraft Products, Ltd., on page 3 (see foot of page). Fancy, 12 new full-size Gramophone Records (10 in.) for 2/- only! Each record has the usual 2 tunes—24 popular hits for 2/-! An instance of how it pays to watch *John Bull*'s "Shop Window" every week. Send for your records NOW—don't wait until the offer is withdrawn.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1935 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 279 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co. Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-, 7/- monthly, Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 45-p. cat. free.—Terms. RAYMOND, J.B., 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from £6 15s. to £85. Saxophones from 5/- wkly.; exchanges arranged. Dobro Guitars from 4/- weekly; lists free.—HESSY'S, 18/20, Manchester Street, Liverpool.

GET THAT Piano Accordion NOW and play while you pay. Pain's Presents House will supply you with a "Grand Solo" model for 1/- a week, and give you a money-back guarantee. Look for Pain's Presents House advt. on page —. Then send the small deposit and get your Piano Accordion without delay.

PLAY THE CONTINENTAL HARMONICA, the easiest of all instruments to learn. Tone just like a Piano-Accordion and only costs 3/6. It's advertised in the "Shop Window" on p. 2.

A FREE CATALOGUE about PHILIPS New Radio Receiver. Radio's latest value! Fill in the coupon on the front cover, or write to PHILIPS' Lamps, Ltd., Dept. BW21, 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, for full information about Philips' new Superhet — the "Five-Eighty." Superlative tone, range, power and selectivity. The model illustrated can be secured for only 4/6 a week.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane E.C.4

CROUP. VAPO-CRESOLENE allays irritation, relieves coughs and difficult breathing.—Write for Booklet No. 45N to ALLEN AND HANBURYS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.3.

CEPHOS quickly soothes Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago. The remedy of a Harley Street Physician. Perfectly safe, does not affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

BLUSHING. NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.123), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

MEN! Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Belt. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet and further partics. See advt. on p. 36.

FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation—a generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G.10), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

HALL'S WINE is an excellent tonic which has a quick and lasting effect. All those who are tired or run-down should prove its wonderful results. See page 27.

HORLICK'S taken regularly every night guards against "night-starvation." It replaces your energy while you sleep. So only will you sleep soundly, but you wake refreshed and have extra energy all day. The milk is already in Horlick's—so you need only add water. The flavour is intriguing. See page 29.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. There is nothing to equal this for a natural sports complexion. It cleanses the skin and cures skin troubles.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, N.M.,26, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Properties. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 5,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to I. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

TAP DANCING MASTERED in two weeks by slow-motion method. Many testimonials. GUARANTEED. Send 2½d. to HARRY ANDREWS, EASTLEIGH, HANTS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.7), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

HOW TO START a Mail Order Business. Wide-awake Shopkeepers and Small Traders should read the advt. of Messrs. Hand & Co. at foot of page 3. Mention *John Bull* when writing for the free information.

TRY Kensitas Cigarettes and experience a better taste. They're made only from cream centre leaves of the finest Virginia Tobaccos. Next time buy a packet—they're mild, they satisfy! See advertisement on page 6

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts: (1) Hair Grower, (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in ad on Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instruction.

HERE'S an economy note: Two garments made practically new for only 4/-. Turn to Clark's Dye Works special cleaning offer on page 28, and be sure to use the coupon when replying to this unique offer, which cannot be repeated.

HARLENE: Accept this five Free Shaving Tests. —Send the coupon in the Harlene Shaving Cream announcement on the Back cover. Enclose 3d. stamps to cover postage, etc., and you will receive by return a free sample of Harlene Soap'ess, Brushless Shaving Cream, sufficient to give 5-day test, and also a generous sample of Harlene Hair Cream.

WHEN buying tinned soups rely upon a name that is a guarantee of purity. See that you get CHEF SOUPS, which contain the finest fresh-gathered vegetables that money can buy, and only 4½d. per large tin! The family size, price 6d., makes eight great platefuls. Turn to page 30.

NAIL-BITING.—How to cure yourself or a child of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. Send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in advt. of Filtex, Ltd., on page 3.

A view of Marksfield Institution, Loughborough, near Leicester. Here the unfortunate men must work hard – for 10/- a week!

Ten-Shilling Slave

TRAGIC THREAT to WIDOW AND SON

A NEW form of slavery is developing throughout the country and is being fostered by the Public Assistance Committees, whose powers are extensive.

Unemployed young men are being forced to engage in what is described as "test work."

In many districts such men are being forced to work at "sweated" labour rates of pay, or they are threatened with practical starvation, while their dependants are told that they must go to the workhouse!

A recent case in point, which reveals the methods by which such slavery is enforced, concerns a Loughborough widow, her twenty-three-year-old son and her ten-year-old daughter.

This widow, whose husband died last November, and her daughter, have been threatened with the workhouse unless her son, Eric Spibey, consents to do "test work" ordered by the local Public Assistance Committee.

Victims of adversity

It should be mentioned that this labour, which is particularly arduous, is paid for at the rate of ten shillings for a week of thirty hours' work.

Even then, the ten shillings is not paid in cash, but in food tickets, which can only be exchanged at one particular general store in Loughborough.

This new form of slavery is so insidious that few people are aware of the way that it is creeping into our national life.

The case of this Loughborough family is mentioned by us because it is typical of many.

The widow and her family are well known and respected in this Leicestershire town. Before the death of the husband they had carried on a small greengrocery business and had paid rates and taxes in Loughborough for at least forty years.

Adversity had overtaken this family, the widow, although willing to go out to work, could not find suitable employment and her twenty-three-year-old son was also out of work.

In these circumstances the Public Assistance Committee granted the widow 15s. a week for herself and her ten-year-old daughter. But of this sum she has to pay 14s. a week rent, leaving a balance of exactly 1s. with which to feed two people and buy fuel, to say nothing of clothes.

He rebelled

The son was granted at first 12s. 6d. a week on condition that he did forty hours' work at digging on the farm at the Marksfield Institution near Leicester. No meals are supplied to the men who are ordered to work at such scandalous rate of pay.

After a short time the son rebelled at this system of forced labour for such small pay, but the authorities at once cracked the whip to enforce his obedience.

The mother was recently summoned before the Public Assistance Committee and told bluntly that unless her son continued his work of digging at the Marksfield Institution farm her allowance of 15s. a week would be instantly stopped!

This would mean that she and her daughter would be forced to go into the workhouse. There was no alternative.

In addition, the son's allowance would cease.

For a few days this young man fought against slavery and refused to work under such tyrannical conditions, but for the sake of others he finally surrendered because, to put it in his own words, "the only alternative seemed to be starvation and my mother and sister going into the workhouse."

So the Loughborough Public Assistance Committee won a bloodless victory and Eric Spibey returned like a slave to his digging.

Instead of doing forty hours' work a week he is now doing thirty hours, for which he receives 10s. in the form of a food ticket.

But he is not alone, for each morning in Loughborough a motor van draws up and a squad of men climb in.

They are, in fact, the labour gang which is driven to the farm near the Marksfield Institution, where they engage in digging from 7.30 a.m. until 4 p.m., after which they are collected and returned to Loughborough.

Suitable boots are a necessity for such work as this, but these men work in thin, cheap shoes because their allowance of 10s. a week does not permit them to buy proper footwear for the job.

The mother, an intelligent woman whose house was scrupulously clean, and well-kept, had tears in her eyes as she told a JOHN BULL representative of her plight.

Child goes hungry

"I think it is cruelly unfair to treat us in this way," she said. "What can I do with the amount that comes into the house?

"After paying the rent I have 1s., plus my son's food ticket for 10s. In this bitter weather we should be without a fire but for the fact that kindly neighbours have given me some coal.

"It is heartbreaking to see my little daughter, who is growing and often hungry, have to go without food and milk that she needs.

"My son ruined two pairs of shoes during his first week, for it is heavy and hard work, but how can he buy new ones?

"Even when he is working, how can I give him a decent meal after his day's work is done, on the 11s. left over for me to provide for the three of us?"

There in plain words is the revelation of this new and insidious form of slavery which has grown up in this country.

Most people will share our readers' indignation at the tyranny of it all.

The young men are being driven to do work which is so badly paid that the worst type of employer would not have the heart to offer his men.

Yet this system is being carried on by the Public Assistance Committees up and down the country. A spokesman for the officials has said that the work was nothing to do with the relief granted, but added that if a man ceases to do the work ordered, the allowance is stopped.

Smash it!

Which defence proves the case against this wretched system of forced labour.

To call this form of labour "test work" does not disguise the harsh fact that it is slavery of the most insidious kind. And not the least aspect of the whole scandal is that the victims are allowed little or no freedom in which to search for genuine employment. Forced to put in long, wearying hours on futile pursuits, they have scarcely any opportunity of seeking a job.

That slavery should exist in this pleasant land of ours may shock some people.

We hope that it will shock the authorities concerned to such an extent that the system will be smashed at once.

LADY *of the* LANYARD

IN readiness for the King's Jubilee celebrations, the wives and families of sailors and Thames watermen are making hundreds — thousands — of lanyards, able to stand the strain of carrying flags and bunting galore.

Theirs is an industry that dates back a good many generations, and it requires the combination of patience and skill.

Lanyards—there is romance in the sound of the word! Every vessel leaving the Port of London for all parts of the world is fitted with a score or more.

Lanyards made in humble homes flaunted Nelson's victorious signal on Trafalgar Day. Thousands were needed to honour the marriage of the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina.

* * *

We found a modest mother in her neat little home in Morant Street, off the East India Dock Road, who has made lanyards for a good many years. She was seated among miles of cordage, with a stack of little wooden cones heaped by her side.

She uses as many as seventy threaded needles in an hour, turning out lanyards of varying lengths. Her husband, who works on a barge, spends his days in all weathers steering in and out between the tramp-steamers and freighters at anchor in the Thames.

An astonishing thing happened to her only a short time ago, which she was glad to relate.

* * *

She became a victim to the dread diphtheria, but remembering she was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, she applied for benefit, and within a few days, to her pleasant surprise, she promptly received a cheque.

This fact she casually mentioned to another woman she knew who was in hospital, and who had occupied an adjoining bed, with the result that her friend found that she was likewise insured under our free insurance scheme. *And she, too, received a cheque.*

Are you registered? If not, you should turn to page 43 and find the coupon. It costs you nothing to fill it in, and we are here to assist you should the occasion arise. Sign, fill in your name and address, and become a registered reader without delay.

Peter Piper *Piffle*

THERE is an "Alice in Wonderland" touch in the comedy of an R.A.F. Flight-sergeant who recently appeared at Aldershot police court for being under the influence of drink while in charge of a car. Although two experts admitted that he had acquitted himself well in the tests, he was still found guilty!

Even the police doctor admitted that the Flight-sergeant could walk well, turn well, sit down well, pick up a sixpence and two pennies fairly well, pass the blindfold test, and behave normally, though he did not write legibly, or give a perfectly coherent account of how he had spent the evening.

Yet an R.A.F. doctor testified that he would willingly have driven home with this man!

The same doctor further stated that the Flight-sergeant had passed the test usually applied to R.A.F. pilots, and was able to, among other things, repeat "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" without error.

The unfortunate prisoner had good reason to think that after passing through the ordeal of the blindfold and the tongue-twisting tests, he was entitled to be acquitted of the charge.

Indeed, his skill in carrying out all these tests without a tremor suggested that he deserved early promotion.

Yet the Bench hardened its face and fined him £20.

We think that the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the doubt, especially in view of his exemplary character. There are teetotal magistrates we know of who might easily fail to pass the tests to which this airman was subjected, and it is their good fortune that they are on the Bench—not in the dock.

JUST OUT!

A world's record in Film Journalism

80 PAGES FOR TWOPENCE

JUST OUT!—"The Picturegoer" Double Number and Film Guide for 1935, consisting of E-I-G-H-T-Y lavishly illustrated, large, all-photogravure pages—for twopence—a world's record in film journalism!

This great Double Number contains a series of exclusive articles from the pens of the Directors of great film companies on the great things to come in 1935. Another great feature of this amazing issue is its valuable 8-PAGE GUIDE TO FILMS IN 1935.

"The Picturegoer" Double Number, just out, will be in great demand. Get your copy at once—before the issue is sold out.

PICTUREGOER

80-PAGES — ALL-PHOTOGRAVURE — JUST OUT — 2d.

WHATEVER THE PLEASURE

PLAYER'S

COMPLETE IT

The game progresses and the 'ivories' click merrily over the green cloth . . . 'break' following 'break' . . . skill matched with skill in friendly rivalry . . . every minute enjoyable, with another 'Player' in the intervals to round off your pleasure.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 5 FOR 3D 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.—11

Audacious CAR-HIRE FRAUD

exposed by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

MY attention has been drawn to a new company, the United British Car Services, a business name which suggests an organisation of wide ramifications and stability. In addition, it carries in its title a note of patriotic appeal.

Enquiries made by members of my staff show that this firm began operations a few weeks ago, with office premises in Lawrence Lane, London.

From that time onwards, Mr. Robert Marston, the enterprising proprietor, began to talk enthusiastically about his plans for the immediate future. It was his proud boast that he was going to organise a private hire motor-car service which was to be the very last word in efficiency.

Chauffeurs, resplendent in smart uniforms, complete with high-powered and luxurious cars, were to be available at any hour of the day or night, ready to go from Land's End to John o' Groats, or just round the corner.

He mentioned the names of titled and famous people who were almost certain to patronise the service which his firm intended to provide.

New garage

The offices of United British Car Services were alive with enthusiasm and optimism. To a number of callers Robert Marston explained that he was taking over a large garage in the heart of the West End, which was to be most elaborately fitted and organised.

He stated casually that he was buying the lease of these premises for £6,500, and mentioned a yearly rental which was such as to inspire confidence in the new firm.

My information shows that Marston had got into communication with some West End estate agents, and opened negotiations in connection with the purchase of the garage, which was certainly in a most excellent position.

After some discussion and prolonged bargaining with the agents, Marston provisionally agreed to take over the lease of the garage for £6,500 and a yearly rental of £1,650 a year.

If you want a luxurious car complete with a smart chauffeur just talk to the United British Car Services about it — unless you happen to be an intelligent person

I understand that he instructed a City firm of solicitors to act for him in this matter.

Several callers at the offices of United British Car Services in Lawrence Lane were doubtless impressed when they heard Marston discussing his projects on the telephone in his most convincing manner. Everything was beginning quite nicely, and the new private car hire service, which was to be the last word in smart up-to-date business organisation, was, according to Marston, certain of success.

He spoke enthusiastically of the fleet of luxurious cars which he intended to put on the road, and stressed the fact that not only would his chauffeurs be first-class men, but they would be as smart in their new uniforms as guardsmen on parade.

With the preliminary work of organisation done, Marston began to advertise for "private hire car drivers." A box number was given in these advertisements, which attracted replies from unemployed chauffeurs in all parts of the country.

In response to these applicants for employment Robert Marston wrote asking for the names of two people to whom he could write for references.

When, on succeeding days, Marston interviewed a large number of unemployed chauffeurs, he asked them a few questions, and then said that he had taken up the references, which were entirely satisfactory.

In fact, a large number of these men were engaged at a wage of £3 10s. a week, on condition that they paid a £5 deposit for the uniform which was to be supplied by the firm.

Some of these unfortunate men were so impressed by Marston's easy flow of talk that they handed him the £5 deposit, and were happy in the thought that they had at last secured a good job. A number of them were taken to a City tailoring establishment, where they were measured for their uniforms.

They were also impressed by Marston's convincing talk about the large garage near Oxford Street.

But matters were now approaching a climax. Details concerning the purchase were almost complete when there were strange developments.

At last, at three o'clock one afternoon, the agents rang up and asked Marston to put down a deposit of £650 as a sign of good faith and to complete the deal.

He was quite genial about this demand, and said that he would send his cheque that evening, so that it would arrive by first post the next morning.

This reassured the agents to some extent, but it was short-lived, for at five o'clock that same afternoon City detectives called at their office to make enquiries about Robert Marston and his activities.

The promised cheque for £650 did not arrive by first post the following morning, or by any other post.

Indeed, a few enquiries proved that United British Car Services, which had been in existence for about three weeks, had faded away, as had Robert Marston.

The following Monday morning a crowd of chauffeurs who had been engaged at £3 10s. a week arrived at the headquarters of the United British Car Services, in readiness to start work. Each member of the crowd was naturally surprised at the number of chauffeurs who had been engaged.

They found that the offices were locked and there was no sign of their new employer. Then the typist-secretary arrived, but she could throw no light on the situation and waited in the crowd with the others.

A warning

These men had been heartlessly deceived by an unscrupulous scoundrel.

Further investigations by members of my staff show that Marston had failed even to register his Company with the Registrar of Business Names, a proceeding which would have cost him the small sum of five shillings.

The plain fact is that United British Car Services possessed neither cars nor garage. The negotiations concerning the latter were just bluff.

At one City tailoring firm Marston did order twenty-five chauffeurs' uniforms, but his attempt to get these uniforms on credit failed most miserably. The unemployed chauffeurs whom he had taken to be measured for uniforms were not aware of this.

The tailors concerned wisely insisted on a 50 per cent. deposit being paid before the order was put in hand, the balance to be paid on delivery.

Marston was indignant about this perfectly fair demand, and tried his usual methods of bluff and bluster, but without success.

Eventually he agreed to send "a cheque in the morning," but, like the cheque for the deposit on the garage, it did not arrive.

This is one of the most contemptible and mean forms of trickery, and I have dealt exhaustively with the activities of Robert Marston to put others on their guard in case he attempts to work a similar ramp in other towns.

Write to "JOHN BULL" *About It!*

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Duty

AMONG the many tributes of respect that are being paid to the King at the present time I have just read one in an American paper. It states that King George's recent broadcast message to members of the British Commonwealth of Nations was listened to with as deep interest in the United States as by His Majesty's own subjects.

The writer asks why and answers the question by saying that it is because everybody knows that the King does his duty without fuss or parade or drawing more attention to himself than he must.

This is a just appreciation, and I hope it accurately represents American opinion. It not only reflects British opinion but gives the reason. The ordinary man in this country, no matter what class he belongs to, hates showing off and does what he has to do, whether agreeable or disagreeable, because it is his particular responsibility and not because he expects to be applauded for it.

He usually gets out of the limelight if he can, unless his job happens to be such that he must be in the limelight to do it at all, and even then he manages to hide his difficulties under a smiling face.

* * *

It is because we all believe the King to be characteristically British in this way of tackling his job—no easy job—that we think well of him and take his words to heart on the rare occasions when he speaks. His is the simple dignity of a man of retiring disposition who makes no high-sounding claims for himself and his abilities, but discharges the duties of his station as well as he can, though he must sometimes be weary of them and long for escape.

There are millions of men and women of whom one never hears of whom the same can be honestly affirmed without exaggeration and to whom it never occurs to seek relief. Some have jobs and some have not, but all have responsibilities and they face up to them with steady and unfaltering courage.

Yet it is by no means always easy to discern what our duty is in any given case. To do one thing well may mean sacrificing another, and one of the hardest of duties is that of bearing adversity cheerfully.

To be a cause of pain to someone you love rather than be false to your conscience is a stern ordeal and one of the commonest in hard times..

* * *

If it sometimes be a duty to hurt others as well as yourself rather than fail at a pinch, it can never be a duty to pull a long face over it and depress the spirits of those who have to bear your trials with you. You yourself may be their biggest trial if you are habitually down in the mouth.

Pleasant manners are a duty; thoughtfulness for one's intimates is a duty; happy laughter is a duty. Scowling and mournfulness are deadly sins. Medical science is now telling us that joy is as necessary for health as food: the grouser is a deadly microbe in any company.

Trying to drown one's troubles in dissipation is as futile as it is wicked. Seeking recreation to the same end is our plain duty.

So to discover our duty is not such a complicated business after all. It only means taking the highest ground possible to us at any given moment and leaving the outcome to God.

Solved! AN AGE-OLD PROBLEM

AND IT COSTS YOU 4D

SEE HOW COMPACT IT IS WHEN ROLLED UP

The RIZLA "ONE HAND" CIGARETTE POUCH OUTFIT

The latest and most generous offer by Rizla. No longer is it necessary to sit down at home and make a supply of cigarettes in advance. The most useful discovery since cigarette rolling began, enables you to make cigarettes at any time in any place — hiking, rambling, standing in a train, or on a golf course, watching sports—so simple in fact that you can roll a cigarette in a cinema.

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Kennington Advertising Service

Good Samaritan's Asylum Sentence—

SEVEN YEARS for a KIND ACT

NEARLY £11,000,000 is now being spent every year in Britain on the maintenance of lunatic asylums, and a vast capital sum has also been earmarked lately for the enlargement of existing institutions and the building of new places of detention.

A large proportion of the current expenditure and the whole of the fresh outlay would be saved to the nation if lay magistrates were made to break off the unwarranted habit they have formed of using their judicial functions to commit people of all ages to mental institutions often on unfounded pretexts.

When, in doubtful criminal charges, the justices ignore the thinness of evidence and decide to convict and sentence an accused person, the injustice can be and usually is rectified in a higher court. But in recent years magistrates all over the country, if given the slightest encouragement by court or police officials, have been freely using the expedient of asylum detention as an easy solution of questionable cases.

Frequently people so condemned are completely innocent of the charges made against them, and in many cases it is afterwards found there is no justification for their imprisonment on the grounds of mental derangement.

Most terrible is the fact that, if they had been sentenced as criminals, their sentences could be quashed on appeal, but, from the moment they are put behind asylum walls, they legally lose all rights of citizenship and are deprived of the power either to seek or to establish their innocence.

In all Britain there has been no worse case of the kind than that of Mr. John Norris, of Larkhall, Bath, who has been a lunacy prisoner by order of a bench of justices for seven and a half years.

He is fifty-eight years of age, and if action is not taken now to procure his freedom and to absolve him from the crime of which he was wrongly declared to be guilty, he will almost certainly spend the rest of his life in captivity.

Mr. Norris, after an extremely unsatisfactory trial, was ordered to be segregated from society in a lunacy institution because of a too-hasty decision that he was a person of deficient mentality.

It was, perhaps, his misfortune that he belonged to Bath, because that city has for years been acquiring a false notoriety for the number of its inhabitants, young and old, who are classified and dealt with as mental suspects.

It must not be thought that this state of affairs indicates that there is more insanity or feeble-mindedness among the good citizens of Bath than in any other community. The reason is that the lunacy laws in Bath are more zealously applied than is generally the case in other places.

Mr. Norris is one of the victims.

For half a century he had been a citizen upon whose character and mind not the smallest reflection had ever been cast. Not for one day in his life had he ever had to go without work, and among all his employers and fellow-workers none has been found who would suggest that morally or mentally he ever gave cause for suspicion of any kind.

One evening in the midsummer of 1927, however, John Norris was arrested by the police and held upon the allegation that he had molested two girls, aged nine and six, in the Sydney Gardens, one of the public pleasure parks in Bath.

A trusted friend

The evidence marshalled against him was remarkable both for its paucity and complete lack of corroboration. If he had been represented by a lawyer he would have been acquitted forthwith.

There was no more evidence against Norris than that of a park-keeper who stated that he had "kept him under observation from a distance" and had seen him interfering with the six-year-old girl. Not a vestige of proof was produced that he had molested the other and elder child.

The park-keeper further declared that he had observed Norris tampering with other children on previous occasions. If he did so and had the slightest justification for his suspicions, readers may well ask why he did not on these occasions challenge Norris, and either turn him out of the park or summon the police?

He did none of these obvious things, but his evidence was, nevertheless, accepted.

If the justices who decided the fate of Norris had sifted the evidence offered to them they would have quickly found a simple and reasonable explanation of his conduct, and that the case bore a totally different complexion from the one presented to them.

They would have learned, for instance, that Mr. Norris, a childless widower, had immense fondness for children, and that for many years he had daily in the summer-time spent an hour or two in the public gardens, a favourite playground, watching the little ones at play and often joining in their romps and amusements. Often he brought them sweets, and the kiddies knew and trusted him as a friend.

All that had happened on the day Mr. Norris was arrested was that two little girls had been playing so vigorously that the younger child was knocked down and lay crying on the ground.

The elder girl, by her remonstrations, only caused the other to wail louder. Norris, who was seated near by, heard the scream and decided to intervene from sheer kindness of heart. Picking up the weeping child, he carried her to his seat and tried to comfort her.

That was what the park-keeper saw "from a distance" and what he mistook for molestation. *And on that flimsy "evidence" alone, John Norris was convicted.*

It is not a desirable thing that an infant should be asked questions regarding such a charge in open court. But the magistrates could have taken the child to their private room and interrogated her there.

So confident was Norris what the nature of her answers would be that he pleaded with them to do so. They refused, holding that the park-keeper's testimony was sufficient.

Not to this day, nearly eight years afterwards, have Mr. Norris or his friends been able to learn the names of the girls he was alleged to have assaulted, nor has any information been given which would lead to their identification.

Mr. Norris, between the time of his arrest and his appearance in court, had been in custody for only 24 hours. Yet, by some strange method, the police discovered in that short time that this man of fifty with a spotless record had become mentally deficient.

Powerless

As evidence of the assertion, the Bench was told that for some years past he had been facing a number of personal worries and troubles! Never was any man's sanity and liberty so lightly taken from him in a police court.

Without more ado the justices ordered Norris to be put away in a lunacy institution in Bath.

His relatives and friends began at once to take steps to have the outrageous conviction and sentence nullified. They found they were powerless to do anything. The law allows the right of appeal to those who are convicted as criminals, but denies it to anyone who is disposed of as mentally deficient or feeble-minded.

In fairness to the Bath magistrates it has to be said that they made an order for the detention of Norris for one year only. Once a person is so dealt with, however, it is a heavy odds-on chance that he or she will never regain freedom.

What invariably happens is that at the end of the year, when the court order expires, the lunacy authorities take the case into their own hands and, exercising their extraordinary statutory powers to do so, recertify the victim for an indefinite period.

This was done in the case of Mr. Norris, and, although innocent and sane, he has so far been a prisoner for seven and a half years.

Release this man!

When he had been in captivity for three years it became clear that a great mistake was being made, and an official doctor and the governor *of the institution to which he was sent both recommended that he should be discharged.* The final decision rested, however, with a Government department in London, and there the recommendation was brusquely turned down.

All these years Norris has been fully employed in manual labour in workshops and in the fields, but he receives no wages for his work.

The only comfort to him was that he was serving his apparent life sentence in the city where his relatives and friends live, and could be easily and often visited by them. Even that consolation is now denied him, for some weeks ago the lunacy authorities ordered him to be transferred to another asylum thirteen miles away.

Hitherto, when representations have been made against the unjustifiable and prolonged imprisonment of Norris, those who make them have been merely referred from one Government department to another without progress of any kind.

This shuffling of responsibility must now end. It is the joint but clear duty of the Home Secretary and the Minister of Health to ascertain the facts for themselves, and, upon them, to surrender up this innocent man.

Convicted on flimsy evidence, John Norris has suffered imprisonment for seven years.

MATS *and* MUGS

NO doubt there are millions throughout the country who are attracted by the offer of 30s. to £2 weekly to be earned in spare time. The latest philanthropic offer of this kind comes from the Wovenlock Felting Co., of 2, Houndsgate, Nottingham.

During the past few weeks the following advertisement has appeared in many newspapers:

"Persons wanted to undertake profitable spare-time or whole-time occupation; no experience or canvassing."

Those who replied received some extremely "promising" literature.

"You can do this fascinating work (felt rug-making) with complete confidence and can be assured of a regular income," applicants are told, "for we buy all your work at highest prices."

Then comes a demand for 20s. to "cover cost of registration, etc."

In return, the complete manufacturing process will be sent with instructions and a first order for £10.

But home workers could not hope to produce mats to compete with factory-made products.

We do not like such homework schemes. There may be money in it, but not for those who send 20s. for instructions and the "manufacturing process."

It is obviously a scheme to leave alone!

The Exposure the Whole Na

OUT of the nation's most bitter and urgent need there has been born, and there is flourishing, the most shameful ramp of our time.

Housing—houses for "the Little Man," for the skilled labourer, the artisan, the black-coat worker—is at least as important and grievous a problem as rehousing the slum-dwellers.

According to the most conservative estimates, a dead minimum of one million new houses for these workers is needed *to-day*.

The Government's way of dealing with the matter has been to hand it over to what it terms "unassisted private enterprise." It is time now to examine the fruits of that decision. And a very fitting time, too.

For, a week ago, the Government announced the details of its new housing plans, its last-minute efforts to abate the worst slum problems of overcrowding and of standards of habitation which have long been below the limits of human tolerance.

Sir Hilton Young's new proposals are welcome even if they are belated. They are as welcome as any breath of wind in a doldrum. But do not let us mistake a zephyr for a hurricane.

They deal with only one section of the housing problem—slum replacement and accommodation for the very lowest paid workers. Even then they do not go far enough.

True, there is a maximum renting ideal which is aimed at, and there are minimum standards so far as light, air and space are concerned, but there are no fixed standards as to materials and quality of construction. There is no mention in the advance details of powers to ensure the best possible workmanship and materials at the most economic price.

Slums of 1935

But it is only to be expected that these last important points would be overlooked, just as they have been ignored in the other and equally urgent aspects of the housing problem. There is no such thing as proper national building standards to "the best at the price" with adequate general powers to ensure that they are carried out.

"Down with the slums!" Ministers are now shouting. But in this sudden but gratifying anxiety to destroy the old they are forgetting the new slums they are allowing to go up—the slums of 1935.

Week by week JOHN BULL's postbag is providing tragic testimony to some of the fruits of "unassisted private enterprise."

In the two years since the housing subsidy was abolished and the building rush really got going with 200,000 new houses a year, the letters of complaints from our readers have risen to a full tide.

Ninety per cent. of those new houses were built for selling through various systems of extended payments. We know now that there are many thousands of these new house-owners who bitterly regret the day they made their bargain.

A sham Tudor fireplace or a black-tiled bathroom does not console them for leaking roofs, fungus-ridden floorboards and cracked walls, for the repair bills which have flooded in during the first year in their proud new house, and the bitter foreknowledge of many more to come.

To-day is the heyday of the "jerry-builder." He has risen again from the ashes of the past. But an abundance of cheap money, the chaos of the building regulations, lack of any adequate supervision or standards and, above all, the most enormous demand for "bricks and mortar" in the history of this country, has given him a more golden field for his rampage than ever his Victorian predecessors knew.

There is another thing to be said. The jerry-builder of the generation ago was at least a builder—if an unscrupulous one; but his modern equivalent very often is not. Nevertheless, he knows all his ancestors' tricks and has gone many times better—or, rather, worse.

The "racketeering" element in housing the new England is a vast and complicated subject. The ways of the jerry-builder are "extensive and peculiar." They have been made easy for him, but they can be searched out.

His "tricks and mortar" paradise can be summarised briefly.

Too many cooks

It rests mainly on easy finance from the less reputable building societies who, in the present wholesale scramble for records in "assets" figures, do not bother overmuch about the status or competence of the builder with whom they do business.

Furthermore, there is the subcontracting racket. This does ensure that the houses *do* go up, even if the builder knows nothing about building. But it also ensures scamped work, because so many of the contractors, bricklayers, carpenters and plasterers have to get their profit out of the job. And because there are so many "cuts off the joint" this practice ensures that the house costs eventually much more than it is actually worth.

There are also the huge variety of "high-powered salesmanship" devices which help the jerry-builder to dispose of his product. There are the various tricks of the trade, sale-rigging dodges, and even false specifications, all cleverly designed to appeal to the prospective housewife or owner. And they are all doubly successful because the house demand is so much greater than the supply. But they can all be explained—and exposed.

There is the apathy of the local authorities and, in some cases, even direct collusion between Council officials and the jerry-builder. The hoodwinking of surveyors and the evasion of by-laws have become a fine art, and the lack of any nation-wide "Housing Charter" has given the profiteer full play.

Fortunes are being made by some of these unscrupulous "adventurers in housing" out of shoddy work. And it is safe. Housing is the most "winning proposition" in industry to-day. The old jerry-builder often had to take the risks and "let" his property himself. To-day he sells it before the doors are in and the unlucky owner "holds the baby."

Some of the estate builders whose properties figure largely in our readers' complaints have erected and sold hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of property on companies with a capital of less than £10.

Similar fortunes are in the process of making in some areas where JOHN BULL has recently undertaken a survey. Out of ten housing firms responsible for localities from which complaints had emanated only two were builders by trade.

On one of these estates erected only *eighteen months ago* many of the house owners are already facing repair bills ranging from £8 to £15. A jobbing builder set up shop on the estate even before the grocer. He *knew*.

To reach their homes the residents must wade up a quagmire of a "road" which during this winter has looked like a badly shelled portion of the Western Front. No attempt has been made apparently to make a proper road, presumably because the builders are afraid to break the news that there will be road charges to pay—and that this final blow to the residents will affect the selling of houses in the neighbourhood which are already going

Sir E. Hilton Young, Minister of Health, opens a splendid new housing estate — but does he realise that vast numbers of other newly built dwellings may soon be little better —

— than these slums of the bad old days which are being demolished to make way for them?

ion has been Waiting For—

ERRY-BUILDING the NEW ENGLAND

up. And for some reason the local council refuses to move in the matter.

The occupants of the houses are chiefly of the skilled artisan class earning between £3 and £4 a week together with a sprinkling of retired workmen living on pensions and small savings. Each of them has paid out about £100 in the first year on deposits, mortgage repayments and repairs.

Bad bargains

Now, a large number "fed up" and repenting of their bad bargain, afraid to face a future of further bills and charges, have simply departed and defaulted. In one street of sixty houses JOHN BULL's investigator counted fifteen houses deserted and unkempt, each relapsing rapidly back into mother earth.

There is another estate near London where buyers a year ago have found almost every one of the builder's promises unfulfilled. Not only have they been confronted with a mounting toll of charges for fittings which were displayed in the "show house" and were included in the price specifications, but the houses themselves are already falling to pieces.

Samples from the repair bills of numerous occupants include such matters as fallen ceilings, mantels and fireplaces which have sunk through the floor, leaking roofs, broken staircases and rotted floorboards; warped and jammed doors and windows are, of course, common. And these happenings are in houses a year old.

An examination of the houses gives a good idea of the class of workmanship used and of troubles which these unfortunate owners will soon have to face.

There are doors with frames that are simply nailed to the brickwork with the nails already "working" out, gaping mullion joints in the staircases, paint flaking off walls and doors, "Tudor timbering" nailed on to concrete walls and already warping, cracking and breaking away from the walls.

The conditions on this jerry-built estate are like those on another of which the Earl of Crawford spoke the other day, when he said he knew of houses where the new owner's family spent Sundays taking down the builder's timbering and creosoting it, in a despairing effort to keep the home together.

Nobody can help these unfortunate people. The building societies say in effect that their "surveys" were for themselves and not for the tenant, and the local council also disclaims all responsibility, as the plans of the houses satisfied the sketchy requirements of the by-laws.

But local authorities seldom act even when by-laws are evaded by the jerry-builder.

Here is a reader's case in point. . . .

Just over a year ago he bought a new house in a large and growing suburb. In the first year he had to call in a jobbing builder twice, to repair and replace the drawing-room flooring which had been damaged by damp and rot. Eventually he discovered that the stackpipes carrying rain water from the roof had no proper outfall into a sump or otherwise so as to take water away from the walls and foundations.

This lack of provision is directly contrary to the town's by-laws and was, of course, the sole cause of our reader's damp house and floors. He found that the builder had carried the pipe straight into the earth and had actually camouflaged the pipe where it entered the earth with a trowel of cement to make it appear that it entered a sump.

That was bad enough, but there was worse to come. When he called in the council's surveyor, that official was politely evasive and unhelpful.

Faced with a bill for about £40 and the necessity of having his lawn dug up to remedy the builder's deliberate negligence, our reader took matters further. He then discovered that the regulation outfall was not even provided for on the house plans—*plans which the council's surveyor had passed.*

Shifting the blame

He thought that he had a clear case against the council for its negligence which had involved him in this expense. But the council at once disclaimed responsibility, taking shelter behind the Public Authorities Act, which protects them against actions of this kind.

Result: The builder having long departed, our reader has to pay.

Nowhere in the country has the modern jerry-builder's victim any hope of protection or redress from the local authority. The by-laws are easily evaded, as every jerry-builder knows full well.

No council has power to ensure the best material or workmanship. The Habitation Certificate which a council issues merely certifies that the house has been built in accordance with the by-laws (such as they are), and that from the standpoint of public health the house is habitable. The issue of a certificate does not necessarily denote a sound, well-built house.

Even when, under the subsidy Acts which expired in 1933, the authorities had stronger powers of survey and supervision than they have now, the position was about the same.

A good example of that is a recent case in our dossiers concerning some seaside bungalows built on subsidy.

Purchasers had to buy the land on which each bungalow stood and the local council kindly lent them money for the purpose. Altogether, including land and building society repayments each bungalow cost £650.

Deterioration

The extent of the council's supervision of the building can be gathered from the fact that six months after occupation many of the bungalows had "split" and had to be reinforced with cement. Most were leaking and damp and one occupant burned his bedding and some of his furniture three times in a year owing to its being infected with mildew. After a couple of years many bungalows had gone into a state of dilapidation faster than the time or purses of the occupants could cope with it.

The present value of these £650 bungalows can be gathered from an independent valuation made recently of the best building in the block. The estimate, made by a competent surveyor was that the present value of this bungalow does not exceed £250!

And this is but one instance of countless thousands all over the country.

The great building societies, by enabling ordinary people without capital to buy their own houses, have conferred an inestimable boon on this country.

They are as alive to the menace of the jerry-builder and of the less reputable building societies as we are. In their own interests, it will pay them in the long run to see the end of both.

The larger and well-established societies, driven by the stress of competition into relaxing their old relations towards their own and the borrowers' interests, should consider strengthening the conditions under which they will advance finance.

There are standards and regulations which they can easily impose which would drive the jerry-builder out of business. By doing so now they would render the best of public services and anticipate the legislation which must come soon.

And to every house-hunter we have one final word of advice. Before you sign on the dotted line get a disinterested architect, surveyor, builder, or building craftsman who is a member of a recognised trade union, to "vet" the premises before you buy. The "vetting" process will cost you far less than the "£5 down," and it will take at most an hour or two.

If you fail to find one of these experts, then "write to JOHN BULL about it," and we will assist you.

It may save you buying a pile of worry, expense and trouble for the rest of your lifetime.

You bet she uses OXYDOL

WE GUARANTEE Oxydol to give the whitest whites and the brightest colours you ever had . . . . or YOUR MONEY BACK

Below we are printing a guarantee—better washing or your soap money back! As every practical woman knows—in washing it's suds that matter—suds first—suds last—and suds all the time.

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Oxydol is scientifically granulated. That's why it releases 23 per cent. more creamy, rich suds—suds that soak out dirt and grease as a sponge soaks up water.

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If you, the user of Oxydol, are not fully satisfied that the packet of OXYDOL gives you more suds, whiter clothes, brighter colours—and that it is easier on your hands in washing up—just post the empty packet to us. Your postage and the price of the packet of Oxydol will be refunded without question. Our address is: Phœnix Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd.

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

LOVE turns the tables

EVER since I can remember my ambition was to become a violinist. And if I have achieved that ambition and some measure of fame, it is thanks to my wife. Without her the story I have to tell would have had a very different ending.

The capital of the South American Republic, of which I am a native, afforded little opportunity for a budding violinist to attain perfection. So, by the time I had finished my schooling I had learned as much about the violin as anyone in our country could teach me, and I persuaded my father to let me come to Europe to study under the famous Belgian master Ysaye.

It was not easy, for my father had little sympathy with my musical ambitions. He was a big planter and prominent in politics—business and politics being inseparable in our country. He was well enough off, but the beginning of the slump which was to ruin many of the planters was already making itself felt.

HOWEVER, thanks to the promising reports of my teacher and my success at a little recital I gave in the capital, he finally agreed to let me spend two years in Brussels under Ysaye.

The first six months passed uneventfully. I was too absorbed in my studies to interest myself in much else. Ysaye was as famous as a teacher as Kriesler is as an artist, but he was a hard master.

Then I received news from my father that I must choose between a reduction in my allowance or immediate return home. I naturally did not hesitate, although the substantial reduction made in my not very generous allowance meant very considerable hardship unless I could find a way of supplementing it. My first thought was to find work in a kinema orchestra, but when I mentioned it to Ysaye he refused to allow it, because, he said, it would spoil my work. So I sought the advice of our Minister in Brussels, who had often invited me to play at his diplomatic functions and with whom I had become friendly.

He suggested that I should give Spanish lessons, and asked his secretary, an English girl, to try to assist me in getting some pupils.

She did succeed in finding me two pupils, but that did not help very much. More important, we became good friends. My impetuous, uneven temperament found something soothing in her cool blue eyes and the firm roundness of her chin.

There was only one drawback. As our friendship ripened I sought her company more often, and the need for money became more and more acute.

After a time I began to borrow from my compatriot friends—we have many faults, but we are what you call clannish, and two South Americans in Europe will generally lend one another their shirts if need be.

With the money I received a lot of advice, and one day one of my friends, a young student, said to me: "Why not try a hand at the tables? I manage to clear a hundred francs or so every week going carefully at the Abbaye Club. Come with me to-night and try—beginner's luck, you know. . . ."

I DID. And I was agreeably surprised to find that by following my friend's system of playing small stakes on the even chances at roulette I was able to make a little each week. Some nights, of course, I lost, but on an average my winnings made it worth while.

It was, I thought, a better way of supplementing my scanty remittance than by giving lessons, for play only started late and it did not interfere with my practice—my fellow-boarders had objected to me practising after ten o'clock.

But I never spoke about roulette to my English girl friend, for the more fond I became of her the less I wanted her to know just how badly off I was.

Perhaps she would never have known if it had not been for the letter I received from my father at the end of that quarter.

It contained, not my quarter's remittance, of which I was already badly in need, but the fees due to Ysaye—and my steamer fare back home. The letter was short and unequivocal—like my father.

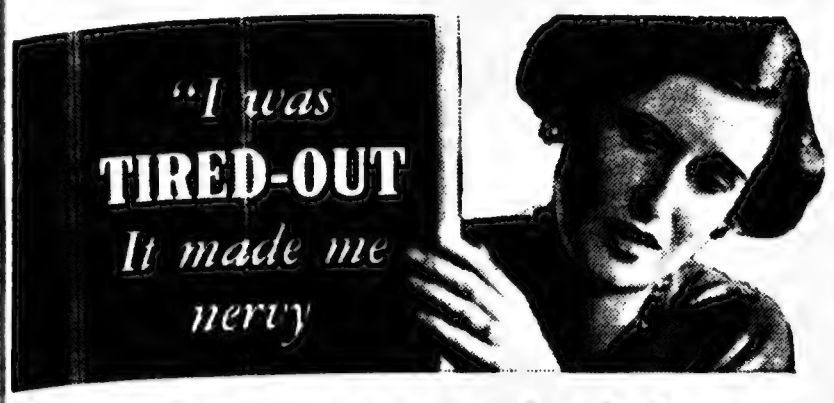
The slump, he said, made it impossible for him to keep me any longer doing nothing in Europe.

There was a boat sailing for home in a week's time; would I see that I was on it?

That "doing nothing" stung me—Ysaye's keenest pupil. And the thought of that girl who had become almost as important to me as my work—perhaps

"I stumbled away from the table . . . pushed my way blindly out"

(Continued on page 28)



My own children were *afraid* of me"

"until *this nurse told me what was wrong—*

"I have two children, Jo aged 11, and Eddie who'll be 10 next birthday. I'm terribly proud of them both — but last winter I got tired out. The poor little souls kept making so much noise that they got on my nerves. I had to scold them to keep quiet. They started to be afraid of me . . .

I FELT ASHAMED

"Then one Saturday I had a new friend of mine in to tea. Suddenly Eddie began hitting his knife on his plate. I was still aching with tiredness — the noise went right through my head. Without stopping to think what I was doing, *I raised my hand to him.* But when I saw the amazement on my friend's face, I felt ashamed . . .

"The next afternoon we went for a walk in the park together. 'Please don't think I'm interfering,' she said. 'I know you find the children trying — but it's all because you're so badly run-down, you know.'

NURSE'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

"Then she told me that before she was married she was a nurse in a big London hospital. 'During that terrible Influenza epidemic in 1927,' she said, 'I was dropping with tiredness. Then, thank goodness, the sister put me on to Hall's Wine. It seemed to bring back all my strength.' My friend urged me to follow her example. So I went out and bought a bottle. Taking two or three wineglassfuls every day, all my tiredness disappeared. Now I'm always ready to romp with the children."

Quick, new strength after illness

After illness — especially after Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis, Operations or Confinements — doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

LASTING BENEFIT

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives you. Hundreds of letters (open for inspection) from nurses who had been tired or run-down prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5 6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

How much happier this mother is— 3B

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OH, DADDY, MUMMY IS A SPORT—THE WAY SHE LETS US PLAY IN THE HOUSE
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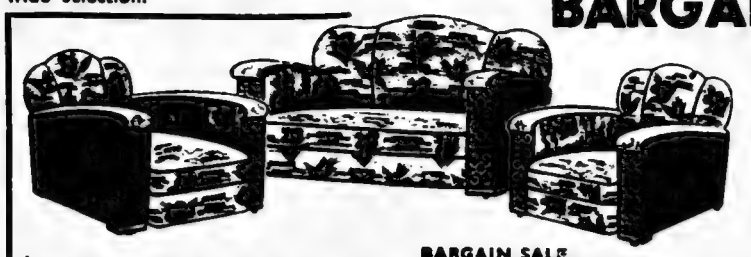

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In the seasonal lull it pays us to offer this first-class service at "cost price." Don't wait for the Spring rush and higher prices. Have your Spring clothes SMART-Cleaned now. (*Send 1/3 per garment extra if fur trimmed, pleated or ruched.*)

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We guarantee the quality and finish of SMART-Cleaning to be equal to the finest Dry-Cleaning service offered.

Keep till ready to send. Valid until Feb. 16. J.B.1

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HERE IS YOUTHFUL HEALTH for you—here at last is a tonic that will really conquer weakness, building new strength into body and nerves alike. Sanatogen has been recommended by over 25,000 physicians as an ideal tonic food. It *must* do you good. A few weeks use will fill you with vigour and make you glow with health. Start your course to-day.

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Love Turns the Tables—Continued from page 26

LOSER'S LUCK

more so, though I wouldn't admit it then even to myself—did nothing to lessen the feeling of revolt that curt summons had aroused in me

There and then I decided that, come what might, I would not obey it, and I began feverishly thinking of some way out.

As always, it was the financial question which presented the great problem.

The steamer fare amounted to more than my allowance, and then there were Ysaye's fees, which represented a tidy sum. But they had to be paid. By using the fare I could carry on for another three or four months at most.

Then I had a desperate inspiration. I decided to gamble with the money. Altogether I had just over six thousand francs, and I reasoned that if I had been able to make an average profit of about a hundred francs fairly regularly by risking no more than fifty francs, I could, by carefully following the same system, surely double my capital. Then I would be able to hold out at least six months.

By then Ysaye had promised he would arrange for me to make my debut in Brussels. After that I should be able to find a place in an orchestra.

AS these thoughts raced through my head I became so enthusiastic over my plan that I almost felt that I had already won my twelve thousand francs.

I said nothing to Anita—Anne her name was, but she had let me call her by the Spanish diminutive—about the step I was taking. But that evening I casually suggested we should go to the Abbaye Club together. Beginner's luck, I thought. She will be my mascot.

I felt a thrill of pride and daring as I walked into the gaming room with Anita by my side, and six thousand francs in my wallet. "The bread-and-butter" crowd, my South American student friends and I were sneeringly called by the wealthy and reckless sons of the new-rich Belgian industrialists and brokers who frequented the place. Well, they'd see to-night! Six thousand francs. . . .

There is no need for me to go into the details of that long agony of winning and losing that ended with me leaving the table without even sufficient to pay for the drinks I had ordered.

I have never gambled since.

I lost everything—to my last five francs—despite the entreaties of Anne to leave the table. Before the end she had walked out. But I was too feverishly intent upon the movement of the little ivory ball to realise that she had gone.

When the croupier raked in my last counter something snapped in my brain. Sweat trickled down my forehead and I stumbled away from the table dazed and trembling.

As I pushed my way blindly through the swing doors into the street I felt a hand clutch my arm. It was Anita. She had been sitting waiting in the entrance lounge, unable to stand watching me any longer. My tense expression, and the size of my stakes, had told her everything.

I could hear her speaking to me in an urgent voice, but it seemed to come from far away, and I had no idea what she was saying. My shame and despair numbed me. I just walked and walked as in a trance.

Gradually a feeling of deadly tiredness overwhelmed me, and I slumped on to a seat on the Boulevard. For a long time—I have no idea how long—we sat there in silence.

A jumble of mad ideas was coursing through my head. I could, of course, get myself repatriated. But what of the money owing to Ysaye? What of my future? And Anne?

The ruins of all my dreams and ambitions lay like a leaden weight on me. Anything, I thought, but return to face the scorn of my father and a future chained to his business—even if he would have me back. He had no use for gamblers or weaklings.

Without looking at Anita—I could not trust myself to look into her face—I began telling her in monosyllables and broken sentences the whole story of my insane venture. She listened in silence. Then, after a while, she spoke. And her words seemed to add the final touch to my despair.

"Antonio," she said, "I am going to get married."

I looked at her stupidly, repeating the words slowly after her. So, I thought, she, too, is deserting me. And at the thought a wholly unreasonable feeling of indignation and revolt stung me into action. I seized her roughly by the shoulders and drew her towards me.

"Who is it?" I questioned fiercely.

"Why, *you*!" she replied. "Don't you think you need looking after?"

I will leave you to imagine what are to me precious memories.

It was dawn before we rose from that seat on the Boulevard, and I left her at the door of her boarding-house with the solemn promise that I would meet her at the Legation at midday.

When I look back on that night it seems the most strangely prosaic proposal that has ever been made. After the thrill and joy of our first embrace Anita, cool and decided as ever, proceeded to outline her plan on which to rebuild my wrecked future. Only an Englishwoman would have thought of such a scheme—and only Anne could have carried it out.

At the end of that month she was to give up her post and I was to take it. Then we were to get married.

WHEN I reached the Legation everything was arranged with the Minister. Anne had given him our engagement as the reason for her sudden desire to give up her position—which she had held under him since he was Minister in London.

And she had intimated that I was anxious to take over her situation—which I was quite capable of filling on account of the commercial education my father had insisted on me having.

Though mildly surprised, the Minister made no objection to me taking on Anne's job, after I had explained to him my father's ultimatum. He never knew the real reasons which made Anne take that rapid decision.

To this day he still believes that it was solely to enable us to get married. Perhaps, if he had known of my insane behaviour, he would not have called me into his office a few days later and made the proposition which changed the whole course of my life.

"YOU realise," he said, "that as a secretary in the Legation your chances of pursuing your studies will be few. As an attaché you would have more money and more liberty. Politics did not prevent Paderewski from becoming a great pianist, you know," he added with a smile.

"Five weeks from now the examinations are being held in Paris. You speak three languages—no doubt your English has become quite fluent of late," he said slyly. "Would you like to try your luck? I will cable the Foreign Office, and in view of your father's position I don't doubt that your candidature will be accepted."

It was, and I just managed to scrape through the examination, thanks to Anne's last-minute coaching.

In fact, it was all thanks to Anne, for it was she who provided the funds to settle my debts and pay for our trip to Paris, where we spent a short honeymoon while I was taking the exams.

And it is thanks to her that to-day we are happily settled in London.

A fair measure of success has come my way in my parallel careers, which has enabled me to repay some of the sacrifices she made for me in the early days of our married life.

And I shall shortly be able to give up my post in the diplomatic service to devote my whole time to the concert platform.

But always, as I sit waiting with taut nerves to play on important occasions, and in all the great moments of my life, there comes back to me with vivid clearness the greatest moment of all—that night on the Boulevard when Anita turned my despair into joy.

Surely no man could say of his wife with greater truth than I that "she brought me luck!"

"The Greatest of These—"

Breadwinner's Tragedy

Agnetta

THAT baby Agnetta's dad is in need of help is entirely due to bad health.

"I think it is more than likely that the slight attacks of gas which he experienced in the war are responsible for the trouble in his chest," says his medical adviser. "It developed first bronchitis and influenza-like attacks, then pleurisy, and finally tuberculosis."

In and out of sanatoriums; striving to keep on with jobs which over-taxed his strength, and now, out of work, struggling to keep himself, his wife and four young children, aged eleven, eight, six and Agnetta, not yet two years old, on benefit of 34s. a week, Agnetta's father's life has not been a bed of roses.

"His position as the family bread-winner," to quote his doctor again, who has known him for fifteen years, "is a very serious one. He is now well enough to do *light* work. But he could not possibly safely do any heavy work. And it should be in healthy surroundings. Such jobs are not easy to find."

The truth of this last remark Agnetta's father knows only too well. "I have been hanging on, seeing different people," he told us, "but unless you can work like a nigger you are not wanted. The first time I came home from the sanatorium I did navvy's work, but it beat me."

It is sad when a man is brought to this state of depression, due to his being unable to procure the nourishing food his doctor orders and the need of boots and clothing for himself and the kiddies, for they all get wet footed when it rains.

These are ways in which our readers can help Agnetta's father, even if they cannot put him in touch with the light job in the country he yearns for, by sending donations earmarked "Agnetta" to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to which subscriptions intended for the general fund should also be addressed.

All will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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These experts declare there is no treatment so effective for preserving the skin's youthful bloom as natural cleansing with soap and water. But this cleansing they say depends on the use of the right soap—a pure *Olive Oil* soap.

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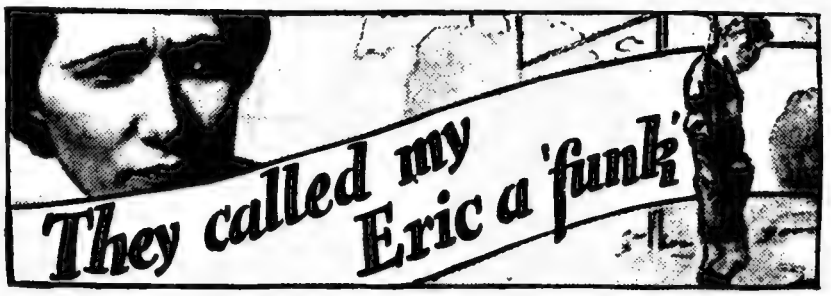
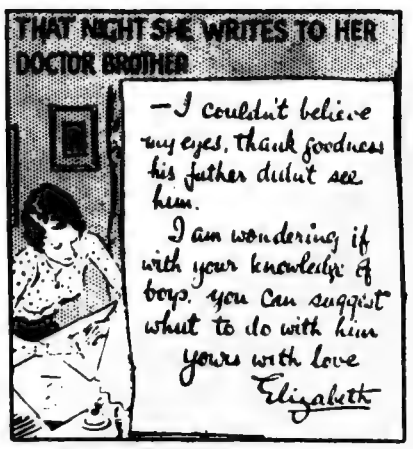
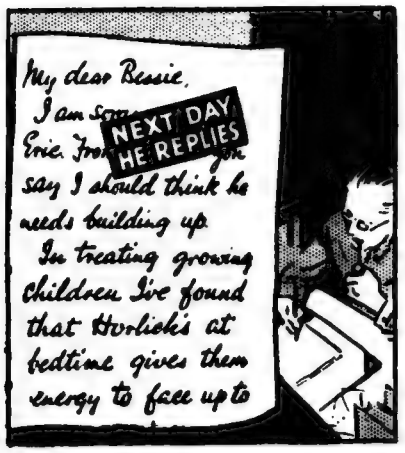



THAT NIGHT SHE WRITES TO HER DOCTOR BROTHER
—I couldn't believe my eyes, thank goodness his father didn't see him.
I am wondering if with your knowledge of boys you can suggest what to do with him
Yours with love
Elizabeth


My dear Bessie,
I am sorry Eric fro... NEXT DAY HE REPLIES ...on say I should think he needs building up
In treating growing children I've found that Horlick's at bedtime gives them energy to face up to

POOR little chap! Rugger became too strenuous for him. His mother didn't realise that if food is not balanced the little body cannot do its work properly — both growth and energy are bound to suffer.

Children like this soon get irritable, listless and often underweight. They're nearly always the first to catch infection.

Horlick's given *regularly* to children for supper, breakfast and "elevenses," will provide all those vital elements necessary for growth as well as for *extra* energy. The milk is in it — add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

NEW LIFE AT 45

BANISH MIDDLE AGE FEARS.

When a woman reaches the critical years of middle age, vague fears often unsettle her. She gets frequent headaches, her back feels fit to break, and she has fits of depression and irritability.

If you are passing through this critical time, do not think you are too old to be well and happy. All your ailments and weaknesses are due to the fact that your blood has become exhausted. What you need is a course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills to enrich and increase your blood. Start taking these pills now, and the nerviness, headaches and flushes will soon be a thing of the past.

Mrs. Wilde, of 27, Northlands Road, Moseley, Birmingham, states, "I am 46 years old and some time ago began to experience the sufferings that afflict women of my age. I had severe fits of depression, terrible headaches, and could not sleep. I felt miserable and unhappy. I was advised to try Dr. Williams pink pills and they soon banished all my ills. I am now like a new woman."

Experience for yourself the revitalising properties of Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills by taking a course now. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 0d.) If you do not derive benefit, the proprietors will refund your money.

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My world-wide reputation as a great Chef is everything to me—and my reputation rests on my famous Chef Soups—that is your guarantee that every tin of Chef Soup is the finest that can be produced. No such richness and high concentration has ever before been offered to the public at the amazingly reasonable price of 4½d. per large tin. It is different and altogether more delicious than ordinary soups—it is, in fact, exactly as I prepare it for civic magnates at the great City banquets.

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

6D family tin, makes eight great platefuls

Other varieties—Chef Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consomme, Chicken, Kidney.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

The Parasite in the HOME

"He lies in bed till dinner-time and never attempts to look for work"

IN a life like mine there must of necessity be many pathetic moments. Every week, for example, I have to read letters sent to me from those who are unemployed. Their problems can be condensed into half a dozen words—"How can I find a job?" They feel that all their troubles would disappear if that question could be answered satisfactorily.

This week, however, I want to consider three problems of the opposite sort.

The first concerns a young man who could find work but simply won't have it; the second comes from a small shopkeeper who has so much work to do that he has time for nothing else, and the third is from a wife whose husband is in a good job but is in danger of losing it.

My first correspondent writes:

☆ ☆ ☆

"I have been happily married for some years, but recently a blot (not of our own making) has appeared. My brother (twenty-five years old) is living with us, and he is unemployed. Please do not misunderstand me—he is very welcome to what food and shelter we can give him.

"But this is the trouble—he lies in bed until dinner-time every day, and never attempts to look for work—he doesn't even get up to sign on for the 'dole'—consequently he has no money at all, and he doesn't seem to mind even that. What makes it worse is that his trade is very busy at present and he need *not* be unemployed.

"I have reasoned in every possible manner with him. He promises to improve, but he goes on in the same lazy way. I cannot turn him adrift because he has nowhere to go, and he seems to be of such a morbid disposition that I am afraid he might kill himself or do something desperate. My husband is up every morning at 6 a.m. to get to work. He earns £3 a week. Though he is very tolerant, he is naturally annoyed at my brother's indifference.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe that my husband and child should come first, and yet I haven't the courage to risk asking my brother to go."

☆ ☆ ☆

I have every sympathy with my correspondent. I have nothing but contempt for her brother.

Here is an able-bodied young man with a trade at his finger-tips and work available, and all he does is to stay in bed until dinner-time.

He is just a "leaner" ready to depend upon anybody willing to work for him. That is not good enough. By his selfish and lazy behaviour he is disturbing the peace of this home. Something must be done, and that at once.

I think my correspondent should agree upon a definite policy with her husband. Let them both make up their minds that either this brother gets work and contributes a fair share to the upkeep of the home or else he is made to find other accommodation. Then together they should submit this ultimatum to him.

When he sees that they are both determined on this course, I have no doubt that he will see "the game is up" and will accept the terms offered to him.

My correspondent may regard this as a drastic measure in view of her brother's morbid disposition, but there seems no other alternative. She admits that it is unfair for her husband to work so hard to keep her brother in idleness. She recognises that her husband and child must come first. Bearing these things in mind, her duty is quite plain.

☆ ☆ ☆

Next, the shopkeeper. He writes:

"Is there no way out of an existence like mine? I slave from five in the morning till eight and nine at night, and with no compensation other than a half-day once a week and a few hours on Sunday.

"Despite my gratitude for employment that brings me money and the everyday requisites of life, I often find myself, from sheer exhaustion, cursing the name of work. I go to bed with darkness all around me, and when I get up in the morning it is still dark, and there is the prospect of at least a fifteen hours' stretch ahead.

"Such a life seems sinful, when it could be so rich in friendship, books, music, the theatre and the glorious out-of-doors. I crave for a less confined and restricted existence. Surely a shorter week would work no ill for anyone and the leisure it would bring with it would indeed be a luxury?"

It is altogether wrong that anyone in these days should have to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. There is no opportunity whatever for rest and recreation, for on the early closing day and part of Sunday a man like this must be so fatigued that he has no zest for anything.

The solution, of course, would be for all small shopkeepers to agree upon closing their premises at an earlier hour.

Now let us see what practical help can be given to this correspondent. He does not tell me that he is married or contemplating matrimony. I surmise, therefore, that he is a single man and runs his business alone.

☆ ☆ ☆

He *does* tell me that he is often completely exhausted, which suggests that he is "on the go" pretty well all through the day. Surely, if that is so, he could afford to pay somebody to assist him? If he had help for only an hour or two in the afternoon it would enable him to rest, and then he could make the best of his half-days and Sundays.

It is likely, too, that all the hard work he has put into his shop will lead in time to an expansion of business. When this occurs he can engage still extra help, and then he can regulate his own hours accordingly. This man is having a hard time just now. But those things for which he now craves will be all the more enjoyable for having had to work and wait for them.

☆ ☆ ☆

My last letter, from a married woman who is worried about her husband, reads:

"I need someone's advice very badly, yet I do not like troubling my own family. I have been married twenty years. I had nothing to complain of for ten years, but since then my husband has become a terrible gambler. I have done everything in my power to stop him and help him. I have paid his debts time after time, but he will persist in his madness.

"If I stop him borrowing from one place he goes somewhere else, and he will do anything to get money to bet with. I have always worked and tried to cover things up, but I feel I must stop it somehow or I may lose my home and everything I have. I have just heard of a sum he owes which he cannot possibly pay himself.

"Though he has a good job, I am afraid he may lose it if these things come to light. We have one little girl, who is not very strong, and naturally I worry a good deal about her."

This is also one of those cases where it would be a good thing if firm measures could be taken. This man's insatiable passion for gambling has persisted for ten years, and this woman has helped him over and over again out of his scrapes. He simply takes it for granted that she will go on doing so. Now she has reached that stage where she says: "I feel I must stop it somehow."

But what can she do? If he gets into trouble or loses his job, she and her child will be the chief sufferers. If she goes away for a time and leaves him, there is no guarantee that it will cure him.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now I admire my correspondent for trying to keep her relations out of these troubles. It sometimes adds fuel to the fire to bring them in. But it may be that in this case there is someone who exercises influence over her husband. If that is so, it would be well to seek his or her help.

The husband ought to be appealed to on these grounds: "You are risking your work and your home. What is more, you are acting most unfairly towards your wife and little girl. After all, your child is not strong, and any money that can be saved should be used on building up her strength."

I only hope he can be made to listen to reason of this sort. That seems to be the only chance of his reformation. That, and the fact that he may realise what many others have done—that gambling is a "mug's game."

☆ ☆ ☆

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

A WELCOME GIFT

HAVE you ever watched with impatience the postman coming down your street? How disappointed you were when he passed your house by! Every week that friend or relative living across the ocean "watches" for the mails, hoping there will be "something from home."

Send him or her JOHN BULL every week. The fearless articles and news about the old country will prove a godsend when time hangs heavy. Forward your subscription now and speed the first copy on its way!

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The OXO Habit

OXO is a *protective* food. It raises resistance to cold, fatigue, and ill-health—gives new vigour of mind and body—reinforces the constitution. That is why the OXO habit is invaluable, especially in these trying months.

Proved! by Millions, in Millions of Homes

OXO is the "Housewife's Help-meat"—as much at home as bread and butter! It adds the strength and flavour of Beef to all meat dishes. OXO encourages a healthy appetite and digestion—makes other foods more nutritious—more tasty. Keep yourself, and yours, well supplied.

An OXO a day— keeps illness at bay

10/35

HOSPITAL MATRON'S 'FIND'

She made a new 'find' that produced a remarkable change in her. This is what she wrote about it:

"For some months now I have had very restless nights, only sleeping for a very short time, but since I have taken Bourn-vita I have slept very much better, and I find it a most pleasant drink before going to bed . . . I cannot speak too highly of it."

E.L.P. (*Assistant Matron*)

How did Bourn-vita help in this way? * Read below

Last night's BOURN-VITA *is helping her now!*

***YOU TOO,** can get the same help from Bourn-vita. This delicious combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate can help you to digest your other food better, and so get sound, restful sleep from which you will wake up thoroughly refreshed, armed with new energy and stamina!
Start a course this very night.

Bourn-vita is a Cadbury product

A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's keeps my dog healthy and helps her to grow a lovely coat which keeps her warm in the worst weather," writes Mr. M. K. of Tunbridge Wells. "She is always fit and ready to go out-of-doors at any time."

REGULAR beggars for Bob Martin's are *always* healthy because they are conditioned correctly. All dogs need this purifying of the bloodstream, because there are no pores in a dog's skin to carry away impurities from the blood. Their need is great when rough weather robs them of their exercise. But when you condition your dog correctly, with a Bob Martin's at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday, he will always be healthy and rich, pure blood will give him a lovely winter coat.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

9 *powders* 6*d.*; 21 *powders* 1/-

No More Sleepless Nights

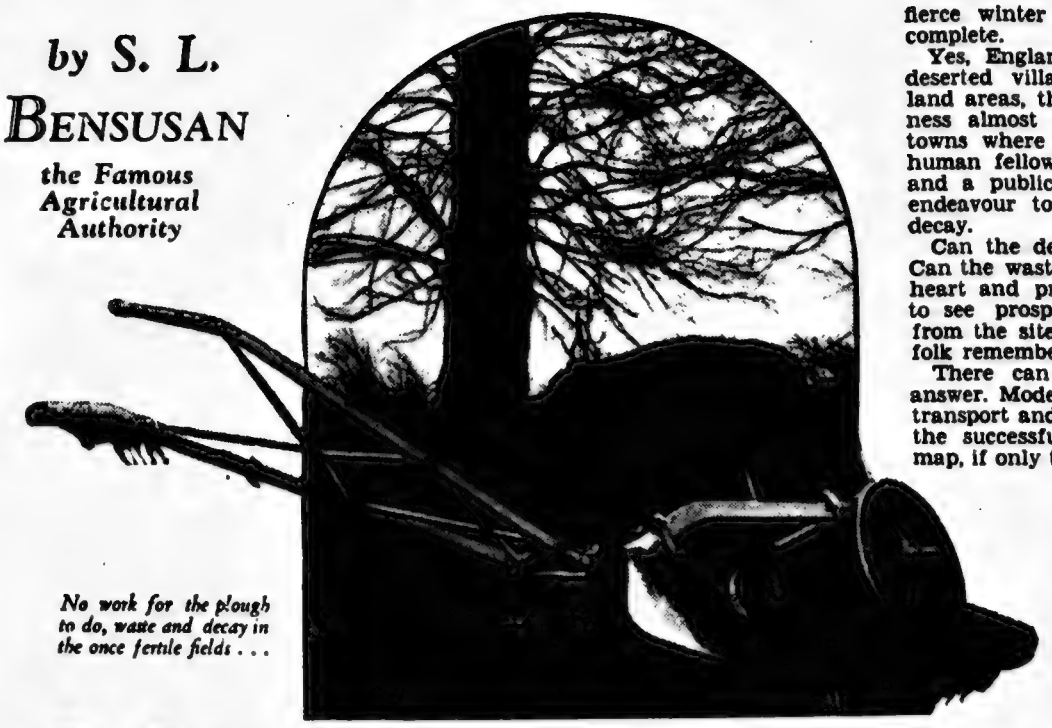
Mrs. Bob E. Raymond, of the "Humpty Dumpty" Company, and mother of "wee Michael," pictured above, writes from the Theatre Royal, Leeds, that she had been up five nights with the promising young actor, because he could not breathe properly, "but after being rubbed with 'Vick,' he had his first full night's rest, and now he is as well as ever."

Many mothers have learned this simple way to ease children's breathing at night and check their colds. Vick brand Vapour-Rub gives off medicated vapours that are inhaled all night long; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, helping the vapours to relieve the congestion. Of course, it is just as good for adults' colds. At all chemists, trial jar, 1/3; double quantity, 2/-.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

by **S. L. BENSUSAN**

the Famous Agricultural Authority



No work for the plough to do, waste and decay in the once fertile fields . . .

VILLAGES of Lost Hope

WE hear, quite rightly, much about our great derelict industrial areas — the towns without hope. But of our submerged rural areas — the countless villages without hope—we are told little or nothing. Perhaps they stand too remote for care or sympathy.

Last year I covered five thousand miles or more of England and Wales and learned where the land lies desolate.

Turn westward from London! You need go no farther than Berkshire to find the first scenes of decay, great tracks of land where the gates have gone from the fields, the hedgerows have run to waste, and in place of crops you find docks and thistles.

☆ ★ ☆

Pass into Hampshire, and in the chalk belt are semi-derelict holdings given over to what is mere ranching. Wiltshire, most backward of counties, has 75,000 neglected acres. Pass on to Gloucestershire; between Cirencester and Northleach the chief crop would seem to be rabbits.

Travel on into Wales! From Cardiff to Newport are large undrained areas; one bog (Borth) covers 5,000 acres on the sea level. The isle of Anglesea and parts of South Carnarvon are devoured by rabbits. Brecon and Radnor show vast spaces of neglected land, in parts of Pembrokeshire farmers have been living on their rabbit trapping.

Worcestershire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdon—all can show neglected areas. West Suffolk has thousands of acres of what is called "breckland" with no other value than is derived from shooting rights. There is breckland in Norfolk, too.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire (Holderness) land has been given away. I heard of a farm that used to bring in £800 a year; not long ago a tenant received it rent free, and was given a £200 premium to take and keep it in cultivation.

☆ ★ ☆

In North Bedford . found derelict farms, in Shropshire and Lancashire there are a few. They lie a little off the beaten track, that is all, those who seek may find.

The areas I have written about are stricken by reason of the fall in agricultural prices. These have not declined in terms of what you and I pay in the shops for our bread, meat and vegetables, but in terms of what the farmer receives for the produce that passes from hand to hand, becoming dearer and dearer until it reaches us.

But there is another reason for the derelict land to be found in counties comparatively prosperous and sought after, like Essex and Bucks, for example. Speculators have bought cheap farms with good road frontages. They have cut the farming out. Behind their building sites the ground runs wild. All this waste should be rated, and those who despoil the county should at least pay a penalty.

Not long ago I talked to a man in a Buckinghamshire village midmost a derelict area. He was an old-age pensioner. "When I married," he said, "I worked on a near-by farm and lived in this village. There were almost a hundred of us, ninety something, who went to work on the farms every morning from here. Now there are seven. No, I can't tell you where they went, I only know they've gone."

When the work fails, when the farm becomes a ranch, all or most of the workers must go. They drift to the towns, having no choice.

Their cottages, lath and plaster or wattle and daub, with perhaps thatched roof, cannot face more than a very few years of neglect. Rats, sparrows and starlings destroy the thatch, rain finds a way in, weeds grow through the holes in the floor, snow lies in the rooms because windows are broken. Come the fierce winter gales and destruction is complete.

Yes, England and Wales have their deserted villages, their derelict farmland areas, their centres of a hopelessness almost worse than that of the towns where there is at least some human fellowship, where there is light and a public library and some kindly endeavour to build up life and check decay.

Can the desert be made to blossom? Can the waste be brought back to good heart and productivity? Can we hope to see prosperous settlements arising from the sites of villages that only old folk remember?

There can be no doubt about the answer. Modern agricultural machinery, transport and organisation have brought the successful farm colony on to the map, if only the Government will undertake the spade work and the finance. Private enterprise cannot reclaim our derelict places: the State can.

Our rulers — as the Prime Minister indicated the other day—appear to have realised the need for grouping families in settlements, groups large enough to employ the whole-time labours of an expert in small holding: it has even been suggested that men will build their own homes.

But, if this is the chosen policy, it seems to be a mistaken one, for you cannot build a house in the intervals of looking after a holding: builders and farm workers stand far apart.

Dormitories for single folk, hutments for the married, with dining, recreation and work rooms to be shared by the group of settlers might well prove a better plan. Nor should the settlement be limited to those in the distressed rural areas—there are so many others wanting to take part.

Every large city has its quota of men with sound knowledge of husbandry who would become self-supporting in a season if they could be brought back to the land and given a start.

There are more than ten thousand unsatisfied applicants for small holdings in this country to-day, and in the mining areas of Wales alone tens of thousands of unemployed men are looking in vain for an allotment.

☆ ★ ☆

When you come close enough to the problem you learn that there is no need for the derelict areas of the countryside to persist.

We can turn the countryside from waste to profit in a very little while. We can find employment, we can feed the hungry and restore self-respect to the unemployed.

The Government is said to have estimated the cost of a reclamation scheme at about £750 per settler. It can borrow the money at three per cent. or less, so that the cost should not be more than 8s. 6d. a week for a man and his family. It is probable that the money could be borrowed so that the settlement would come to no more than 1s. per day per head.

There is much wisdom in such economy. Great Britain will be worth more as a going concern when it has reclaimed the lonely open spaces that seem to cry aloud for reclamation.

Race with "Silver Ring"

This Way for Winners

WINNERS have not been easy to find this season, probably owing to the fact that winter sport is growing in popularity and so many new owners and horses make competition keener.

Nevertheless, I am pleased to be able to say that the Code selections have held their own, particularly since the last week in December.

Espoir II and Royal Mail landed a 30½ to 1 double at Lingfield. Frozen Gold rounded off a good week at Gatwick. Incidentally, Dacoit (6 to 1), one of the coded winners, is likely to develop into a champion over fences.

The previous week was not too good, but it followed a successful run of five winners—at good prices for N.H. racing—out of eight selections.

Flamenco is being coupled up with the leading Grand National candidates to land the big Spring double, but I do not advise JOHN BULL readers to row in with J. Jarvis' charge yet awhile. Undoubtedly, Flamenco is the class horse in the Lincoln, but, unfortunately, the "swells" in this race usually find one to beat them.

But for the fact that it is decided over only three miles, the Winchester Chase at Newbury this week-end is a great Grand National rehearsal. My choice is Golden Miller, if absent, Drintyre.

Indestructible may come up at a nice price in the Berkshire Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 24, to Wednesday, January 30.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: GKW95WS would read FORBRA. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. D94Z29597W9894 would read MELLBURNE.

YOUR CHILD —

HAS THIS SAME

Weak Spot

HERE is an amazing fact you should know. Every child from 6 months to 13 years—leading child specialists have just discovered—actually has *less resistance to germs than a newly-born baby.*

The spot where germs enter your child

The spot where the germs of coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza and measles attack your child is through the tissues of the throat and lungs. This is the *Weak Spot*. . .

To strengthen this Weak Spot in growing children doctors specially recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion. It actually builds up *three times more* germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil.

Your child safe from winter colds

Children given Scotts Brand Emulsion are protected from coughs, colds and influenza during the winter. One bottle of Scotts Brand Emulsion has all the illness-fighting value of 6 days' warm summer sunshine.

Even the strongest-looking children . . .

Even the strongest-looking children are 4 times less able to resist winter germs than you are. So long as they are under 13 they have this *Weak Spot*—they need Scotts Brand Emulsion to be safe.

Doctor's own children protected this way

"Both my boys, John age six and Gordon age three, have had Scotts Brand Emulsion since birth. They are fine healthy boys, for it has helped to build up sturdy bone and muscle. I recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion extensively."
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Scotts Emulsion

STRENGTHENS THE WEAK SPOT IN CHILDREN

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

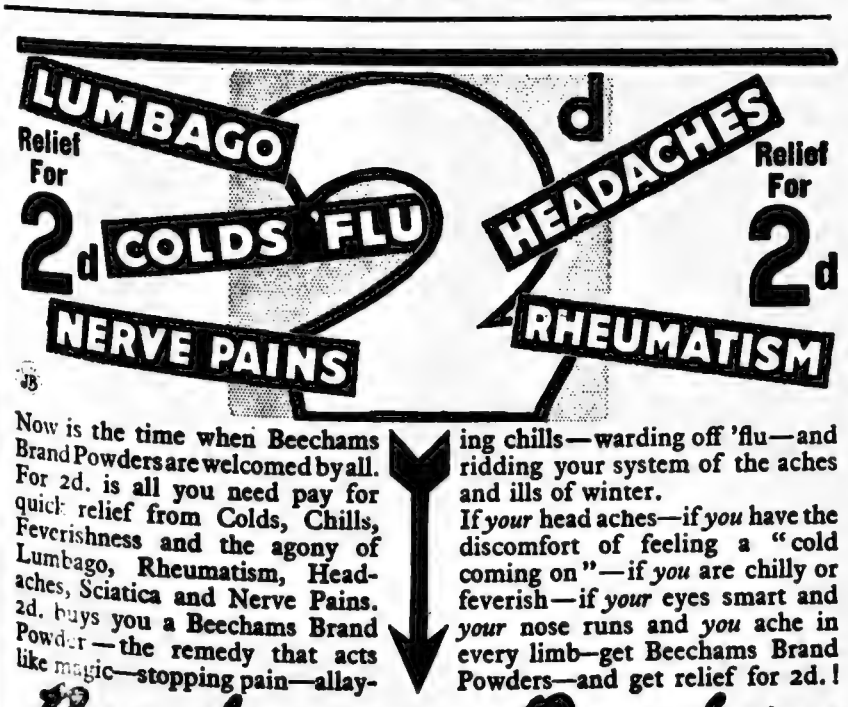
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

There's a lot more to cleaning teeth than most people realize. Do you know that everything you eat and drink and smoke leaves a stain on your teeth? Unless all these stains are removed daily, they gradually build up, spoiling the appearance of even the loveliest teeth—making them dull and dingy—unattractive.

No toothpaste with a single cleansing action can remove all stains. Some stains yield to *polishing* action—others only to *emulsive* action. Both actions are needed to give teeth spotless lustre. And Colgate's has *both* actions. First, Colgate's *emulsive* foam loosens many of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. Then, Colgate's *polishing* action gently rubs away the more stubborn stains. Thus your teeth are left thoroughly clean—far whiter, more brilliant.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH.
1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
3. Beverages. 6. Vegetables.
7. Tobacco smoke.

TWO SIZES 6D & 1/-



Now is the time when Beechams Brand Powders are welcomed by all. For 2d. is all you need pay for quick relief from Colds, Chills, Feverishness and the agony of Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headaches, Sciatica and Nerve Pains. 2d. buys you a Beechams Brand Powder—the remedy that acts like magic—stopping pain—allaying chills—warding off 'flu—and ridding your system of the aches and ills of winter.

If *your* head aches—if *you* have the discomfort of feeling a "cold coming on"—if *you* are chilly or feverish—if *your* eyes smart and *your* nose runs and *you* ache in every limb—get Beechams Brand Powders—and get relief for 2d.!

Beechams Brand Powders

Sold Everywhere. Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. Not laxative. ACT LIKE MAGIC

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This Thick New Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."
H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

IF Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, PERCY STREET (53.BA), LONDON, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and loss of power. Write for an amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 194, Smedley St., S.W.8.

CHILBLAINS ARE DANGEROUS.

Quite apart from the agony that Chilblains cause there is always a grave danger of blood poisoning. When Chilblains burst they are open to infection which may easily lead to trouble. You must prevent Chilblains bursting. And the most certain way of so doing is to apply Chilliline each night. Chilliline is a scientific remedy that has been curing Chilblains for thirty years. Actually it is a certain cure for Chilblains – giving instant relief from itching, preventing bursting and eventually completely banishing them. If sufferers who regularly get Chilblains would only start rubbing in Chilliline every night during the winter they would be completely free from this distressing complaint. Chilliline can be obtained in 1/3 tubes from all chemists, or by post 1/5 from Osborne, Bauer & Cheeseman, Ltd., 42, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

COUGH
nearly tore her in two

Disappeared after three doses of
FAMEL SYRUP

Here is wonderful news for sufferers from bronchitis, chronic coughing, asthma or catarrh. There now exists a cough remedy (tried and proved by hospitals and sanatoria) which does more than bring a mere breathing space, more than mere relief which is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

How is this difference brought about? One of the most valuable germ-killing agents known to Science is *Creosote*, but formerly it could only be inhaled. The Famel Laboratories have discovered Soluble Lacto-Creosote *and this can safely be taken internally, to be carried by the bloodstream to the centre of the infection.* Instead of merely relieving the coughing—which is only a symptom—it removes the very *cause* of the coughing—a fact stressed again and again in letters from sufferers who have been healed.

COUGHED 5 HOURS AT A TIME

Here is one such letter :—

"*I thank you a thousand times for your wonderful cough remedy—Famel Syrup. I had a most terrible cough which nearly tore me in two, and tried bottle after bottle of co-called cough mixtures to no effect. I used to cough for about 5 hours at a time, but after taking one dose I got relieved by magic and after 3 doses my cough completely disappeared and I am now quite well. I have recommended it to a friend, who I know suffers and has asthmatical coughs like my own, as I am sure he will be only too pleased to try something that will do him good the same as myself.*"

Mrs. E. C., Gillingham, Kent

What Famel Syrup has done for thousands—yes, and hundreds of thousands—it can do for you and for your family.

IT GETS TO THE ROOT OF YOUR COUGH

FAMEL
SYRUP

[1/6-3/- (triple quantity)] Brand

Sold by all Chemists

Distributors: Wilcox Jozeau & Co. Ltd., 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.

TERRORS the JAIL has Lost

OUTSIDE the court in which their son has been sentenced to imprisonment for the first time a mother sobs convulsively in the arms of her husband. The prison van is bearing away the boy on whom all their love has been bestowed, all their hopes of the future based.

They picture the oakum sheds, row on row of sullen men scraping thin skilly off leaden plates, the barked orders of grim-visaged warders, guns, cells with peepholes at which ferocious eyes appear. They see prison putting its stigma deeper and deeper on their son, like some brand of Cain.

They might even picture him in ankle chains. Only recently such chains were used in a Scottish prison, although it has been revealed in the House of Commons that their use has now been abolished in Scotland.

It would be some small comfort to that mother and father, at least, to know in that dark hour that it is not the aim of the prison system at all to put the stamp of the jail-bird on their boy, that those horrors that come flocking into their minds are terrors the jail has lost.

They will not lock him away as if he were a plague, caring not a jot what happens to his mind and body as long as the outside world is free of him. That callous system belonged to the early Victorian era. Nor will they crush him by making him work for work's sake and treating him like a dog if he offends by the lift of the eyebrow. All that was changed thirty years ago.

Suicide cells

They will find out what is missing from his make-up and replace it, and so turn him if they can into a good boy over whom his mother will never nave need to weep again.

Yet no wonder she breaks her heart. The prison life she visualises is based on what she heard about prisons as a girl. Like most people, she hasn't the scantiest idea of what changes have been wrought in the last twenty-five or thirty years.

Let us go back to late Victorian days to peep at Pentonville, hailed by the people of those times as the first model prison because it has gas-jets, hammocks and copper washbasins in its whitewashed walls. The prisoners there wore when at work brown cloth caps with peaks so low that they covered the face like a mask. Their dull eyes peered through slits in the peaks at the senseless, useless tasks chosen specially for their monotony that they had to carry out.

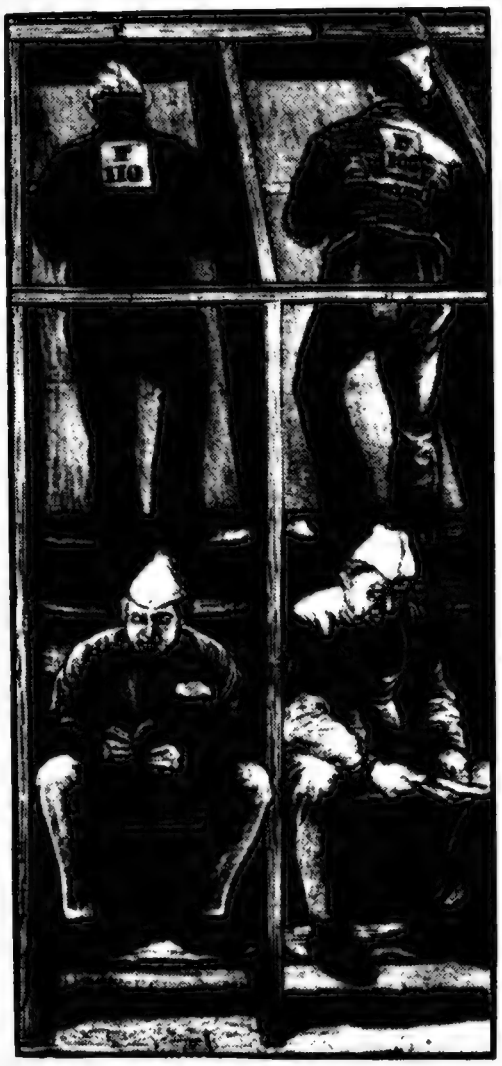
The usual Victorian system of making a man work in a cell eight feet by five feet so that one rat-hole was his workshop by day and bedroom by night was not followed here. It wasn't good enough for a "model prison."

Under that extinct system they practised the more refined cruelty of herding men together for years and years and making them so completely silent that they might doubt if they still retained the powers of speech. Then they made them slave under warders who could see every move or gesture, and who were compelled to report every look, glance, sign or word.

For those who offended there were the handcuffs, the ankle-chains, straitjackets, and, worst horror of all, the refractory cells which were so easy of entrance for a man with the slightest trace of temper.

Was there ever such complete darkness as brought agony to the eyes of men locked there for as long as twenty-one days at a time? Not a chink admitted light. The door, so heavy that it shook the tomb when it was closed, was scratched by the nails of screaming men who imagined all through those twenty-one days of torture that the building was on fire or that some dreadful calamity was happening from which they could never escape.

Small wonder that there was one case of suicide, insanity or delusions in every 120 admissions to this "model prison."



"To punish! That was the aim of the Victorians."
—The slavery of the treadmill in the old Clerkenwell "House of Correction"

Mercy—in those days

But what about the prisons that were not models? There was Wandsworth, where three men and sometimes four slept within four stone walls making a bare cell eight feet by six.

Hard labour there consisted of putting a machine that did no particular duty at all through 1,200 revolutions a day. It was a joy to thinking men to put the pumps through 4,700 revolutions a day instead, for although it was harder work, it was indeed doing something.

Prisoners there wore masks, too, reaching right down to touch the breasts of their shoddy uniforms.

And—what an act of mercy!—a piece of alpaca was let into the fabric where it covered the mouth to encourage freer respiration.

Imagine a man who has breathed heavily through the exertion of his toil having to get fresh air through the same piece of cloth year after year—and perhaps a piece of cloth that others had used before him!

Every prison was different. Yet the same barbarity was practised by misguided authority in them all. In nearly every case a pew at church—and prisoners had to go—was a pigeonhole from which they could see nobody but the preacher. And diet was usually the same—oatmeal gruel for breakfast and for supper, the same dish becoming dinner by the addition of a hunk of bread.

There were even punishment cells for women, in the drab, soulless women's quarters of mixed prisons, which are now done away with, thank heaven, so that one sex will not see the other in its shame.

In the last fifty years a prison visitor has recorded how he heard the screams of a little girl of twelve in the refractory cell at Wandsworth. Found guilty of singing in her foul cell, she was flung into one so much worse that she was beating the walls passionately in her despair.

Ignorance was not bliss

To punish! That was the aim of the Victorians. Yet they were acting according to their lights. How were they to know that more could be accomplished by kindness than by cruelty, as the figures of prisoners who lapse into crime again attest.

To-day we aim at cure! We separate the young from the old, the better from the worse.

It has become almost a tribute to a prisoner in one of the other Northern or Midlands prisons to be sent to Wakefield jail for training in a trade. There must be a lot of good in him, otherwise he would be sent to a training prison where there is stricter discipline and control.

A man with a lot of good in him can within two months be dining in association with other prisoners, perhaps with flowers on the table if visitors have brought such a luxury, and seeing or hearing from his relatives or friends every three weeks.

Then he may win his way to other privileges. He may play games without supervision. He may have the help of lower grade men in cleaning his cell, and read newspapers or play games in the recreation rooms. He may get a letter or see a visitor every fourteen days. Best privilege of all, he may be allowed to sit in a comfortable room with his mother, father, sister or brother.

He can even win his way through to the Committee of Table Leaders, which meets every Sunday!

And it is not the man who does twice the amount of work carried out by his fellows who wins these privileges. Nor is it the man who conforms the most readily to prison discipline, for old offenders often make model prisoners.

Modern medicine

Such things are for the man who is benefiting from prison life. Such a man the modern prison soon regards as a patient, no matter how physically strong he may be.

Large doses of self-respect, or responsibility, or social sense, is the medicine he needs, and prison gives it to such a man. And those who call it molly-coddling are merely people who are hanging on to the foolish old notions of prison treatment cherished by the Victorians.

To-day most of our prisoners feel they are being punished if there is little work—it is always useful work!—in their workshops. They develop a bigger sense of honour in low walls. They are less likely to run away from open woods than from buildings like fortresses.

To look inside a modern prison is to realise that those words: "Her son has gone to prison" no longer have the terrible significance they used to have in the bad old days.

Prison must never cease to be a place of firm discipline and correction, but it is all the better for the terrors it has lost!

JUBILEE CELEBRATION OFFER
extended for few days only. Hurry—a £250,000 12-volume Library for your children — despatched to you at once. See pages 4 and 5.

"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'. There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation.

There are two sizes—1/3 and 2/6. The larger bottle is the cheaper in the long run; but be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

THERMOGENE
Brand
MEDICATED WADDING
1/3
for RHEUMATISM

"BONDMAN.. - the only trump in my hand!"

BONDMAN TOBACCO always turns up trumps because it is always fresh. Every ounce comes to you in the same fine first-rate condition in which it left the blenders. Every ounce of **Bondman** is packed in a **Vacuum Sealed Tin.** If you want all that is best in pipe-smoking, try a fragrant ounce of **Bondman Tobacco** to-day.

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS
10d PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
11½d PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.) 83 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Sold everywhere: Liquid 3/- and 12/- (Six times as much); Tablets 3/-

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

The blood is the life of every part of the body—the brain, nerves, skin, muscles, joints, arteries, etc. To ensure good health and vigour you must keep your blood pure. Blood impurities lower vitality and lead to **rheumatism, arthritis, gout, lumbago, skin affections, ulcers, sores,** etc.

When you suffer from any of these ailments there is no finer medicine than "Clarkes Blood Mixture" which has effected remarkable results when other treatments have failed. An occasional course of "Clarkes Blood Mixture" will keep your blood pure and prevent occurrence of the many diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

It is **false economy** to buy cheap imitations when your health is at stake. Ask for "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

"CLARKES" BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

"Trouble, trouble, scrape and stubble."

What a life we women lead! A kiss from Uncle Joe and my "make up" is irretrievably ruined.

I wish men would pay more attention to their shaving. They think they're clean shaven, but *we* know better.

Why don't men use 'STEAD' blades?

'STEAD' blades are the best you can buy—their keen edges give you real shaves quickly, leaving the face velvet-smooth and fresh.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d., Boots, Taylors Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Book Stalls, and most dealers sell them.

'A GIFT OF THE GODS'

Says Mr. L. Patrick Greene

"To an author, a noiseless typewriter is a gift of the gods, especially if one prefers to work at night when the chatter of an ordinary machine is an annoyance to the family and neighbours," writes L. Patrick Greene, author of the famous "Major" stories. "To me that noise is a barrage through which thoughts find it hard to penetrate. I honestly believe that a Remington Noiseless Portable is a necessity for every author whose home is his office. Besides numerous magazine stories, I have had twenty-three books published, totalling nearly three million words—all written on a Remington."
Post off the coupon TO-DAY for particulars of the finest Home Portable and Noiseless Portable typewriters ever made!

Remington
HOME PORTABLE

Assembled in Great Britain by British Labour. £9. 9. 0 cash or ten monthly payments of £1.

ALL WRITE WITH A REMINGTON!

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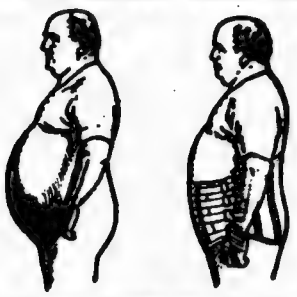
THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetière.

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Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

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An Industry's Golden Romance—

Every year thousands of gallons of cider come from this primitive wayside press

UNDER the CIDER APPLE TREE

"MORE than 25,000 apple trees are to be given away next month." . . . Behind this curious announcement lies the story of a great fight by one of Britain's oldest and most romantic industries to conquer the world's markets.

The 25,000 trees will be given to the cider apple growers. There are 600 of them. Between them they possess nearly half a million trees. But more trees are wanted.

At least 30,000 more acres of cider apple orchards are urgently needed to enable the cider makers to supply the growing demand for the "Wine of the West."

So the Cider Makers' Association has started a scheme that will enable apple growers to increase their orchards and keep the sparkling cider flowing all over the world.

Before the war the annual consumption of British cider was 6,000,000 gallons; to-day it is 20,000,000 gallons. And the demand is increasing. America is ordering British cider. Not long ago one British firm shipped 120 tons of cider to New York, Boston and Los Angeles.

To-day more than 20,000 men and women, girls and boys are employed, directly or indirectly, in cider making. Cider is saving many farmers from ruin. By growing apples and making profits when other forms of agriculture have failed them they are being enabled to stave off bankruptcy. Hundreds of workers who would be unemployed in the winter months are enabled to earn a living by making cider from last autumn's crops. Cider-making has therefore become a far more important industry than ever it was before.

"Slack ma Girdles"

The apples that make Britain's cider are not the kind you buy in shops. They are a rare and precious fruit, and they have curious names. In the orchards the cider farmers do not speak merely of "apples." They talk of Lady's Fingers, Slack ma Girdles, Cap o' Liberties, Foxwhelps, Cherry Normans and Kingston Blacks—the King of Cider apples. And these are only a few of them. There are about 200 different varieties of cider apples now grown in Britain. And there are 120 different kinds of cider and perry—made from pears.

Only from these apples can the real cider be made. For the cider apple is very different from the ordinary cooking or eating apple. If you boil it, it grows hard instead of soft! This is because it contains tannin, an ingredient necessary for all good cider. It also has less acidity and more sugar than the ordinary apple.

To the ordinary man there is little difference between one kind of cider and another. But to the expert tasters, who in a few weeks' time will meet at Long Ashton, in Somerset, to judge the 120 varieties of cider made from last year's apples, every variety is distinct.

The merry day

The four tasters can tell from the taste even the kind of soil in which the apples have been grown. They sit in a large room surrounded by a forest of bottles. From each they sip a little, passing the bottle round. Between every few sips they nibble from a large cheese that stands on the table—to clear their palates. Outside, hundreds of ruddy-faced farmers and growers make merry while they await the tasters' decision as to the year's prize ciders.

It is a day for merrymaking, the annual tasting day in the West. In a great marquee stand huge casks filled with 60 or more gallons of cider. On tables are hundreds of loaves, a barrel of biscuits, and about 250 lb. of cheese from a local farm. On this the fruit growers and cider makers from all over the country feast themselves while the tasters sip away the hours.

In the West Country there are some curious superstitions about cider. It is supposed, for example, to be able to drive away evil spirits. Only a few weeks ago one of these annual spirit-laying ceremonies was conducted with cider.

In an orchard a crowd of men and women and girls gathered. Laughing, cheering and singing queer, old-time songs that their ancestors used to chant hundreds of years ago, they circled round every tree in turn. Some of the men had guns, which they occasionally fired in the air. Then one man brought forward a bucket of cider, dipped into it a piece of toast, and stuck it in a branch of the tree. More cheers and shots, and the crowd passed on to the next tree, to treat that in the same way.

A love potion!

This quaint custom, dating from pagan times, prevents the evil spirits from hurting the trees, say the cider makers. To-day the evil spirits that frightened the pagan are called by the commoner names of Frost and Blight and Disease; but it is all the more necessary that they should be guarded against, now that the cider industry is fighting for world supremacy.

In parts of rural America, among the simple agricultural people, cider is regarded as a love potion. If a young man wants to win the love of a young woman he induces her to drink a glass of cider in which he has dropped a small bronze coin. If she sees the coin before she finishes the drink, she is likely to be a good and economical wife. If she doesn't see it, she may still be a good wife, but she won't be very successful in money matters!

This custom once led to a curious tragedy. The mother of a young man, learning that her son intended to marry the girl in spite of the fact that she did not see the coin until she came to the end of the drink, worried about his future. The thought of having a daughter-in-law who would play ducks and drakes with her son's money and possessions preyed on her mind so much that she determined to get rid of the girl. She tried to poison her with belladonna. Luckily the dose was not strong enough, the girl recovered, and the mother went to prison until she was found to be insane.

Wooing without words

In parts of the West Country cider apple time is mating time. The young people who gather to pick the fruit pair off. If a youth wishes to signify that he is in love with the girl, he picks her apples for her. This is regarded as a proposal without words.

If, however, the girl does not want him as her sweetheart, she declines to be "let off" her fruit-picking. And if a lover or his lass wishes to "break it off," all he or she has to do is to go to another tree!

There is enough cider lore still surviving to fill a book. For cider is one of the oldest of drinks. The ancient Romans enjoyed it, and introduced it to Britain. And since those days it has increased in popularity till all the world wants it.

Only once has cider had a black mark against it. In the last century there was such a demand for it that better methods of production were needed. So a certain type of crushing wheel was introduced from France.

World will sip it

Suddenly, people who drank cider found themselves suffering from a strange malady. It grew so bad that a Government enquiry was demanded. Lead poisoning was diagnosed. Then the experts discovered that the cider had been poisoned by lead fittings of the new crushing wheels, which had a certain chemical effect on the juice of the apple, turning it to poison.

The crushing machines have no lead in them to-day.

But the epidemic did so much damage to the cider industry that hundreds of acres of orchard went derelict. Only now is it beginning to recover.

Within the next few years something like 100,000 new trees will be planted. And British cider will have the world as its market.

FREE—28-page "Wonderland Book," telling you all about 12-volume "Wonderland of Knowledge" Library. JOHN BULL'S historic Jubilee Year Celebration offer. Apply at once.—See pages 4 and 5.

"AFTER MEAL COMFORT"

assured by

PHOSFERINE

NERVOUS INDIGESTION AND DEPRESSION BANISHED

. . . "Phosferine soon helped me out of bed and into work" . . .

Mr. B. W. Hollingdale, writes:—"I suffered almost continuously from Nervous Indigestion, Neuralgia, Headaches and Intense Depression after a dangerous attack of Influenza. My sister brought me some Phosferine and asked me to try it, and I felt the benefit from the first day, the improvement in my health was astonishing. My appetite and digestion improved immensely. Phosferine soon helped me out of bed. Once more I enjoyed long refreshing sleep; my nerves grew steady again and the neuralgia and headaches soon left me. I recovered my cheerful outlook on life and I passed my medical examination to recommence my twelve hours work per day."—*15, The Cliffe, Lewes, Sussex.*

FOR VITALITY TO RESIST NERVOUS INDIGESTION—USE

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS BRAND TONIC

Influenza, Lassitude, Brain Fag; Gastric Pains, Debility, Indigestion; Sleeplessness, Exhaustion, Nerve Shock; Rheumatism, Headache, Sciatica; Neuralgia, Maternity Weakness, Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE invigorates exhausted systems with the warming glow of renewed vitality. **3/9** large bottle.

PENSION AND £500 CASH WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Crossword Competition No. 289

The only correct solution to the above Competition was received from:—

F. GREEN, 206, MANCHESTER ROAD, AUDENSHAW, MANCHESTER,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 weekly for life and £500, or one lump sum of £900.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 10 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £10.

Mrs. L. Agnew, 5, Laburnum Av., Swinton, Manchester; Miss V. M. Bennett, 16, Oakleigh Park N., London, N.; Mrs. D. Bland, 52, St. Johns Rd., Horton, N.; W. Horrocks, 770, Liverpool Rd., Ainsdale, Southport; A. C. Luce, 22, Farm Close, Saffron Lane, Leicester; R. Jenkins, 10, Fast Street, Littlehampton; A. McCormick, c/o 15, Fenton St., Barrow-in-Furness; H. J. Pearson, Biddulph Lodge, Nelson Rd., Bognor Regis; P. Slack, 47, Westdale Rd., Halifax; Miss M. Underwood, 1, The Friary, Lennox Rd. North, Southsea.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 10 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a Giant Hamper.

Surprise Awards were won by 163 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

A Splendid X-Word Offer with a Pension of £2 Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or one lump sum of £900 with £100 to be divided between Runners-up and an elegant Wrist-Watch for every Prizewinner appears on Page 44. Try your skill now!

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT. Price 1'6. Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

A REAL COLD CURE

KOMPO FOR COLDS

BOTTLES 1/3 & 3/-

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY J.F. WHITE & Co. Chemists Leeds.

ACHING MUSCLES

"—Never trouble me now. It's wonderful what a few drops of Sloans can do. Wards off Rheumatism too."

Sloans is unrivalled for driving away aches and pains. Apply lightly on the tired aching muscles or stiff painful joints. No need to rub—the liniment *itself* penetrates, soothes nerves and tissues, clears away congestion. Muscles become lissom and flexible and the pain dies away. Keep a bottle of Sloans handy ready for use after exposure to wet and cold. It wards off RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS and quickly banishes all muscular aches and pains.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.** Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues and clears away the congestion which causes the pain.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle

MADE IN ENGLAND.

SLOANS LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

DOG FILM STAR

How he is Kept FIT

Here you see "Bob," the famous British Dog Film Star. His master gives him SHERLEY'S Tonic and Condition Powders! No wonder "Bob" is always Lively and Alert.

READ THIS LETTER

Dear Sirs—My famous Dog "BOB" has already appeared in fourteen British Films although he is only three years old. Naturally, he has always to be up to concert pitch to perform his wonderful feats. I give him Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders every week and they keep him full of health and vitality. You never see "Bob" mopy, listless or out-of-condition.

Yours sincerely, A. SANDONI.

If *YOUR* pet **is Listless or Miserable—Refuses to Play—Scratches Excessively—Won't Eat—Has a Bad Coat**—Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders will soon restore him to perfect condition.

SHERLEY'S

TONIC AND CONDITION POWDERS

6d. per pkt. of 9 Powders, 1/3 per pkt. of 24 Powders.

From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

If you have a

COUGH

You haven't tried

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole Guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is simply marvellous for coughs. It immediately relieves the tickling and tightness in the throat. It's the unique "deep healing" of this clean, stainless ointment which makes it so wonderfully effective. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6 but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used," says a Tottenham, N., user, "and I would not be without a jar of it in the house. The least cold or pain I get I rub it gently in, and it soothes the pain and coughing at once."

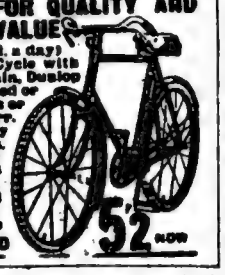
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.

Musterole brand mustard ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

That cold in the head may mean trouble later on . . . catarrh, deafness, head noises, loss of smell and voice. Smash it *now* with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. They instantly clear away nasal discharge and ease breathing wonderfully.
Pleasant in use and a powerful antiseptic against 'flu or infection when travelling.
INSTANT RELIEF for
NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, ETC.
B.S., Dallinger Rd., S.E.12, writes: "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid and a great relief when cold in the head threatens."
Handy-sized tins at 1/3, for pocket or handbag. All chemists, stores and herbalists, or 1/4½, post free, from
POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61.S., Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)
POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

CLEARLY
—THE BEST

So exceptionally thin and pure is this paper — A.G. — you practically smoke tobacco only, getting the real flavour with all its coolness.
The extra crispness and strength of A.G's make rolling easier. And being specially made to burn slower *this* paper gives you a *longer* smoke.
See what you save. Yet they cost no more.
Start now! *A.G's fit all machines and give best results.*
AG *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE
5/2 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems. Roadsters. Racers. Club Models


J. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Come to SENSATION COLONY!

WITCH doctors are to be banished—in Kenya. Religious fanatics have been burning and plundering—again in Kenya. More than 200 young men have become conscientious objectors against conscription for the Kenya Reserve Force.

In other words, Kenya is in the news again. It is rarely out of it. For its size no other part of the Empire makes such demands on the news columns of our national newspapers.

No wonder the ordinary reader is left with the impression that life is less humdrum in Kenya than anywhere else in the Empire.

Well, although British communal life has much the same even tenor there as in the Cotswolds, there always lurks round the corner an atmosphere of suspicion, ignorance and definite hostility to the march of civilisation — in which anything may happen.

There the primitive is making its last stand against modernisation.

Picture this country that came under British rule, not in one sweep by conquest, but piecemeal through the agency of treaties made by British Governments with the various chiefs of clans and tribes. Incidentally, those numerous treaties, not always too carefully made, have been among the chief obstacles to speedy reform.

Problems of law

Kenya occupies a large part of the Eastern seaboard of the vast African continent. Its relation to the equator is such that while the mountains on which hill tribes raged unceasing war until the British came have a climate as equable as that of Kent, the plains can be so blisteringly tropical that only by constant vigilance do the authorities fend off the epidemics that used to decimate the population, and which made thirty-five the age of senility in certain tribes.

Justice has bigger problems there than anywhere else in the world. That is another reason why we hear so much of Kenya.

How can the public sense of fairness be met in a country where the law must look down on murder and yet native opinion is much more strongly against the theft of a man's hair or nail parings? According to native law, murder is amply punished if the culprit pays a sufficient sum to the relatives by way of recompense!

Sneer at native substantive law as you will, but hair and nail clippings are something that can be used in witchcraft. They enable an evil-doer to get a hold over the owner of the hair or nails concerned. At least, many of the coloured Kenyans believe that to be so.

With such a belief prevalent, can't you understand why a court that was lenient towards what we would regard as major offences passed sentence of twelve months' hard labour and a heavy fine on a man who stole his neighbour's fowls—fowls also being articles by the possession of which one man can acquire the power of life or death over another?

Think of some of the happenings in this turbulent colony that have horrified us of late.

Five natives are awaiting trial charged with the murder of Theodore Cowper Powys in 1931. They are alleged to have put his head in a circle of warrior chiefs, chanted incantations, and sung a song describing the murder in parable. His bones, it is said, they left out in the Bush, to suggest he had been eaten by lions.

Whether these men are guilty or not is yet to be discovered. But certain it is that their tribe—the Samburus—carry out ritual murders so that their young warriors can blood their spears.

Due to be banned — the Kenya witch doctor

Then there was the murder of a Mr. Semini and the rape of his wife by Lumbwa natives. And five tribes of the Samburus were fined £900 for carrying out ritual murders with coloured servants of Europeans as their victims.

Also in the last year a tribe of native fanatics in the Kijabe area began to order arrows and spears from their blacksmiths, believing that as "Watu wa Muungu," or "Men of God," it was their special task to exterminate the hated white man who was using aeroplanes to encourage droughts and locusts!

And to quote one case more—a gang of natives attacked a British police posse near Nairobi with poisoned arrows, wounding an inspector and a constable.

Probably the majority of these Kenyans would have hesitated to have committed offences that would have got them fourteen days' hard labour in England. Their sense of criminal values is so very different.

Prison proud!

Often they look on murder as a means of self-protection. The person they kill, they think, would bring death and disaster on them and their houses if left alive. That is why convictions for murder in witchcraft cases are invariably quashed—in view of the ancient tribal customs and beliefs that revolve round this widespread belief in witches.

It is often the law of the tribe to kill any woman suspected of being a witch. And any form of foreign justice that interferes is looked on as encouraging the evil art.

Another difficulty in maintaining law and order is that most of the natives have no sense of degradation or stigma when released from a convict prison, whatever their offences. They show their discharge papers as their dearest possessions, because they do at least prove that they have learnt a trade while in prison!

One man who tried to resist being discharged from jail after a seven years' sentence argued: "I have served His Majesty well for seven years. What have I done to deserve such cruel dismissal?"

Even among the higher tribes that feel a sense of shame under such circumstances, the sacrifice of a goat on discharge from prison puts matters right!

The authorities believe the witch doctors, to suit their own ends, keep alive the ridiculous ideas that persist. There is proof that they have been sinister figures in the background behind many recent crimes.

There was the vast criminal organisation unearthed last year among the Lumbwa tribes.

The tribesmen, in fear of death if they didn't obey the commands of the witch doctors, carried out a campaign of terror.

Then only last January a tribe rose up and burnt eight Christian villages, murdering eight Christians. It was the witch doctors in that case who inflamed native simplicity into religious frenzy.

Now the Government is moving these pests into districts remote from the tribal areas. One special compound has been set aside for those who are not beyond reform, so that they can be taught that their beliefs are silly and pernicious. They are promised a return to their tribes when they learn to obey the authorities.

A curious country, Kenya. Remembering that the cost of maintaining one administrative officer would maintain a caravan of natives seventy-five miles long carrying the only saleable tribal product (nahji: a form of grain), you will see what some of the economic difficulties must be like.

Then some brutal methods of tax collecting still survive. Quite recently there has been a revival of burning down the houses of tax defaulters.

Dawning light

On top of that, enforced suicide is still practised. Only a year ago a boy who accidentally killed a school friend while playing at bows and arrows was made to leap from a tree with a rope round his neck, being unable to pay the "blood money" demanded.

Now, slowly but surely, the authorities are letting the light of day into the darkness of Kenya.

They have brought about a cessation of tribal warfare, extended decent tribal life, and provided excellent medical, veterinary and educational services. They are paying famine relief in case of drought.

They are turning a sympathetic ear to the grievances of the natives, chief of which are that they are not allowed to grow what crops they like, that the taking of finger-prints and the granting of identity certificates when they get employment make them feel like criminals, and that the hut taxes weigh heavily on them, particularly on widows who inherit a hut and little else.

On the whole there is little discontent against British rule, but enough irreconcilability between natives and whites, ancient and modern, to keep Kenya constantly in the news.

Soon, perhaps, that will disappear. If East and West do not meet, they will at least begin to understand each other's viewpoints. Then we shall see fewer of those sensational messages from Kenya that we read so often.

It's not URIC ACID— YOUR SCIATIC NERVE

causes that Agonising Pain

A short time ago it was an occasional stabbing pain in the leg. You didn't bother to treat it—you thought it was a touch of Rheumatism, and that it would pass away. But it didn't. It developed into acute agonising pain down your leg. Pain-killers and Rheumatism remedies failed to bring relief. Now you are in agony. The crippling pain never leaves you. It never *will* leave you, until you realise what the *real* cause of your trouble is, and put it right. That pain is Nature's warning that your SCIATIC NERVE is weak and inflamed. Your entire nervous system is run-down; only when you give your starved nerves the nutrients they hunger for will your Sciatica go.

EVERY NERVE NUTRIENT YOU NEED IS IN Dr. CASSELLS FAMOUS TABLETS

Study the formula below, and you will see why Dr. Cassells Tablets have become the leading Nerve Treatment. Every essential ingredient is included. Pain is rapidly soothed away, impoverished nerves are nourished, sound Digestion is restored, and the Blood-stream is enriched and purified. Even the most severe cases of Nervous Disorder rapidly respond to their marvellous revitalising power.

1. NERVE TRANQUILLISERS
There is a carefully measured amount of Saccharomyces Cerevisiae included. This is a very helpful ingredient and also provides a supply of Vitamin B.

2. NERVE NUTRIENTS
There is nothing to equal the combined Glycerophosphates, Hypophosphites and Phosphates. They build up your exhausted nerves. You regain control.

3. NERVE VITALISERS
Valuable natural vegetable substances, Kolae Semina, Caffeine and Theobromine are added. Depression goes, and you take a firmer grip on yourself.

4. BLOOD ENRICHERS
Salts of Iron, Calcium and Manganese are present. Iron alone is not enough. Medical Research proves that you need Calcium and Manganese just as much.

5. POWERFUL DIGESTIVES
Certain natural digestives—principally Pepsin—are added. You will find that they have a marvellous strengthening effect and keep you free from all those symptoms of Nervous Indigestion.

YOUR SCIATIC NERVE

As this picture shows, your Sciatic Nerve is the most important in the leg; it begins in the small of the back, and ends at the toes. When inflamed it causes one of the worst of Nerve Pains...Sciatica. Sciatica is entirely a nerve disease, and strengthening the nerves is the only permanent remedy.

Mr. E. S—, of Stalybridge, writes: "I could not stand without aid. Since taking your Tablets I have found great relief and am walking about again. I recommend them to anyone."

Index of Nerves

Nerves convey pain and sensation to your brain. Nerves operate all your muscles. Nerves control your Digestion. Nerves MUST be kept fit or Breakdown follows. **YOUR TRIGEMINAL NERVE** *starts from the brain to the forehead, eyes, upper and lower jaws. It is the most important Head Nerve. When debilitated it causes Head Pains and Facial Neuralgia.* **YOUR RADIAL NERVE** *comes through the shoulder and right down the arm. Weakness of this nerve causes agonising twinges of Neuritis, often mistaken for Rheumatism.* **YOUR GASTRIC NERVES** *surround the stomach. When seriously affected Nervous Dyspepsia results, causing Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Distension, Loss of Appetite and even Gastric Pain.* **YOUR LUMBAR NERVES** *radiate from the spine in the small of the back. "Kidney Trouble," Backache and Lumbago are caused when these nerves become debilitated.*

Symptoms of General Nerve Weakness: INSOMNIA, DEPRESSION, ANÆMIA, MORBID FEARS, DEBILITY, IRRITABILITY, HYSTERIA, BREAKDOWN.

FAIR-PLAY OFFER

Buy a 1'3 bottle from your Chemist. If not entirely satisfied return the empty carton to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your 1'3 will be refunded.

Sold Everywhere
6d., 1'3, 3'- & 5'-

TO-DAY! Start a Course of

DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Beechams Lung Syrup

KIDDIES LOVE IT

LATEST & BEST FOR LUNGS & CHEST

A wonderful remedy under a Famous Name. Pleasant to take and instantly effective. Protect yourself, and keep your family free from winter ailments! There's nothing to touch it for

1/3 & 2/6 per bottle from chemists everywhere. 2/6 size contains 3 times the quantity for only twice the price.

COUGH, BRONCHITIS
SORE THROAT
WHOOPING COUGH
& LUNG TROUBLES

FROM VIOLENT STOMACH PAIN TO PERFECT EASE in Two Minutes.

Imagine it—the swift, incredible relief, the realisation that the agony has gone—*for good!* Every week thousands of people are experiencing this miraculous relief. Mr. Tom Grist, of Worsboro' Dale, is one of them; here are his own words:

"I was nearly mad with stomach pain; I took a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and it was wonderful how quickly the pain left me. Now I am not afraid to eat anything, because a dose puts me right in a minute or two."

Lucky Mr. Grist! But it isn't good fortune; it's just common sense. *You* can share this unhoped-for release from suffering. Make sure that your next attack of stomach pain or discomfort, whatever the cause, finds you prepared to stop it within a few minutes. Recent medical research and X-ray photographs of actual cases have proved the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. Get a 1/3 bottle from your chemist now. Ask for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and you will get the *sure* stomach remedy—there is only one 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA.

FOG gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for inward use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep

CURES PILES

'Trying it On' the INSURANCE MAN

There are plenty of people, otherwise honest, who think the insurance man "fair game" when claiming on damaged property

NO business has changed so much of late years as insurance, which has now extended its boundaries to meet all sorts of risks of everyday life.

The weather itself is beyond control. But to-day it is equally possible for the vicar to insure against a teeming downpour on the day of the Sunday-school outing, as it is for the owner of the favourite to insure against a wet Derby To those concerned, the former is as important as the latter.

Pianists can now insure their hands, dancers their legs, authors their reputation against libel. Expectant fathers can even insure against twins!

There is no better 'vantage ground than an insurance company's office for viewing the vagaries and frailties of human nature.

All companies, for instance, are well acquainted with the foible of people who try to minimise the risk, so as not to be charged too high a premium. One lady even went so far as to write, "Please inform me how much it is to insure where there is no risk."

THERE are also plenty of people, otherwise honest, who always try to "do" an insurance company. For this is rated by certain types of mind in the same category as the railways, telephone service, income-tax collector, or Customs, all of which are considered fair game, to be bilked whenever possible without undue strain upon the conscience.

There is not a company that has not met the motorist who manages to include an already cracked glass-lamp in his claim for a wing injured in a collision.

Nor is it unknown for ladies of rigid morals to forget when claiming for a lost frock that the garment in question was not a new Paris model, but a hard-worked two-year-old.

There is yet another class of people who attempt to make a living by defrauding the insurance companies, as was shown by the disclosures in the recent fire-raising cases. This type always goes for big money, but luckily rarely achieves it.

Fraudulent cargoes, for example, might bring in a small fortune, if they were not so well known on Lloyd's. But the trick is still tried.

Not long ago it was noticed that a firm shipping goods abroad constantly put in heavy claims. These were paid several times without comment on receipt of the agent's report.

But when the misfortunes passed the tune of the average, investigations were made, and it was found that the agent at the foreign port bore a striking resemblance to the shipowner.

FURTHER enquiries evoked the interesting fact that, although using different names, the two men were brothers. Eventually it was proved that the invoices were cooked, the goods faked, and the insurance money divided between this devoted family, who subsequently retired into very private life for a considerable time.

Not all of the something-for-nothing brigade aim so high. Many insurance companies know the story of the trousers.

A jobbing builder took out a fire insurance policy, 2s. in the £100, with several companies. To one of these he sent a pair of trousers damaged by fire. Since he could wear them again after they had been repaired he put in a claim less salvage.

This was allowed. But before the garments were returned to him, the firm's salvage mark was put on the selvedge of the back seam, inside the seat. The employee making the mark noticed that the salvage mark of another firm was already there. Running his eye carefully along the seam he found several other marks, for the builder had thriftily sent the same pair of trousers to every company with which he was insured.

The result was that for some time he wore trousers, supplied free, in one of His Majesty's prisons.

When women try to "do" the insurance companies it is generally on the question of an annuity. They want to claim a year or two before anything is due, and therefore, for once, they try to make themselves out to be older than they really are.

This might be regarded seriously, if it were not for the fact that these too-eager ladies are always willing to supply a birth certificate, which gives the lie to the age claimed on the proposal form.

To add to the confusion, they produce marriage lines which make them out to be younger than their real age.

A widow, who had been twice married, recently brought to an insurance company four documents. There were two marriage certificates, as well as her birth certificate and the proposal form. The date of her birth was different on each of the four

In fact, women, in spite of their emancipation, are still responsible for most of the "lighter side of insurance."

Not long ago, one office was cheered by the arrival of a lady who wished to take out a domestic servant's policy. "How many servants do you keep, madam?" she was asked. "Not one in a dozen," she confessed!

Equally amusing was the letter received from an old lady, a client of long standing, who wrote to enquire whether she was covered against "the dreadful calamity which had overtaken her."

The company replied, expressing regret at learning of her trouble, but was unable to advise her as she had omitted to state its nature.

By return of post came the sad tale of an ill-regulated stove, belching out smoke, and soiling everything in the room. As a climax, to quote her own words, "the smoke has turned my canary into a blackbird."

AS she had been a client for forty years, the company allowed her claim, though it was not bound to do so. Among the various bills forwarded in connection with this was the account of the veterinary surgeon. For transforming the blackbird into a canary again he charged the modest sum of 7s. 6d.

And some women still forget to sign documents, just as they did many years ago, when a young insurance clerk was sent to get the signature of an old lady, whose cheque had arrived minus that important item.

Apologising for the trouble she had given, she offered the young man some refreshment, and sent for a large slice of plum cake.

That clerk has since risen in the world, but for her sake he is patient with forgetful clients. For the name the old lady signed on the cheque was Florence Nightingale.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Author's address must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

THE IRISH TIMES:—"... the LORRY Correspondent of the Press Association."

EVENING ARGUS, Brighton:—"Fog lamps, spot lights, and radiator MUGS are accessories..."

CONISBOROUGH PARISH MAGAZINE:—"We have now presented our third gift to the Church, a Purple BOOKMAKER."

N.E.D. GAZETTE:—"... young women had a better knowledge of GREEN and Roman culture than young men."

KENT MESSENGER:—"... the wide-eyed child in a short frock and PIANOFORTE."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"... the farm with the rectangular SMELL in the foldyard."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Progress through the mountain woods was very slow in SHOE shoes."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"... flouncings for dress purposes in silk and artificial SINK."

THE CITIZEN:—"The teacher found that one little BARK-haired girl was missing."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"... the Viennese counterpart of the all-year-round Serpentine FATHERS."

WHITER TEETH THAT SPARKLE AND FASCINATE!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT. YOUR TEETH SPARKLE MORE TODAY THEY LOOK MUCH CLEANER AND WHITER
THEY FEEL CLEANER TOO.. .CLEANER THAN FOR YEARS. MY WHOLE MOUTH FEELS CLEAN!

Scientific Way Cleans Stained, Dull Teeth Quicker and Better

In just a few days you will see how much better and cleaner Kolynos makes teeth look. KOLYNOS GIVES TEETH A DOUBLE-CLEANSING YOU CANNOT GET WITH ORDINARY TOOTH-PASTE. 1. Foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and kills millions of germs. 2. Erases dingy film and stain. Before you know it your teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, twice daily—for QUICK RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos to-day.

NOW 1/- (formerly 1/6)
NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

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BRAND TABLETS

TRIED EVERYTHING FOR COLDS AND 'FLU

INSTANT RELIEF from COLDS

"I have tried everything for Colds and Influenza, and found that two Tablets of Phensic gave me *instant* relief, bringing down the temperature immediately," writes Mrs. C., of London. "All the family take a regular dose of it now as a preventive. If two tablets are taken at the first symptoms of Influenza it stops the germ from developing."

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GAVE INSTANT RELIEF

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3d. is all you need spend to try the quickest, safest pain-killer known to medicine. This wonderful discovery of a famous London Doctor is now obtainable in 3d. and 6d. sizes. Phensic breaks up the worst attacks of Colds and Influenza with certainty and safety. Your head becomes clear, fever disappears almost at once and vitality is restored. Ask for Phensic to-day.

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The 3d. Packet contains Two Full Doses (Sold Everywhere)

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SAVES YOU MIDDLEMAN'S PROFITS. Our specialised experience in Radio begins from the pioneer days—way back in 1919—and this is your guarantee of satisfaction. Each customer has Peto-Scott's personal assurance of satisfaction and strict privacy.

1935 PETO-SCOTT BATTERY 3

A miracle of value in 1935 Radio guaranteed by Peto-Scott, combining Tone, Volume and Range equalling sets at more than double the price marvellous all-round performance and absolute reliability. **Peto-Scott 1935 type Moving Coil Speaker.** Metal Chassis. New detector reaction circuit, quality and super-power output. New type Air-Cored Coils and slow-motion illuminated Full-Vision tuning. 2-Selectivity taps. Pick-up sockets. Automatic Grid Bias. Low H.T. consumption. Complete with British Valves of guaranteed life and Oldham Long-life 120-volt H.T. and 2-volt L.T. batteries, full aerial equipment. Comes to you in a beautiful Walnut Consolette Cabinet, as illustrated. Price complete, ready to play. Cash or C.O.D., Carriage Paid £4.19.6.

YOURS FOR 5/- DOWN and 18 monthly payments of 6/-

The 1935 PETO-SCOTT S.C. Battery 3

GIVES A BIGGER CHOICE OF FOREIGN STATIONS with amazing perfection of tone and volume. Incorporates Peto-Scott 1935 Moving-Coil Speaker. SCREENED COILS, high efficiency S.G., Detector and super power output valves. Low H.T. consumption. Full-Vision scale. Modern Walnut Consolette as illustrated. British Valves of guaranteed life. Ready to play. Yours for 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 7/6. Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid, £6.6.0.

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In the above Competition correct solutions were received from several Competitors who Share the award of £20 offered in each of the Six Sections.

SECTION 1.
72 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.
241 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.
62 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 4.
128 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 5.
86 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 6.
5 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London. All are being notified and cheques despatched.

MAKE MONEY WITH THE NEW ADANA HIGH SPEED AUTOMATIC PRINTING MACHINE

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FREE with every Machine 100 PAGE BOOK "85 Ways of Making Money with a Printing Machine."

A Real Automatic Machine in every detail. Accurate Metal Diecastings (having a tensile strength of over 20 tons) from costly moulds have made it possible to market this fine piece of machinery at this remarkably low price. The result is wonderful. No words can explain what fine adjustments can easily be made to produce a perfect print, and which, once set, is permanently maintained throughout the job, as the impression is entirely mechanical.

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Write for full Particulars and Samples of Work.

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Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/3 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.20, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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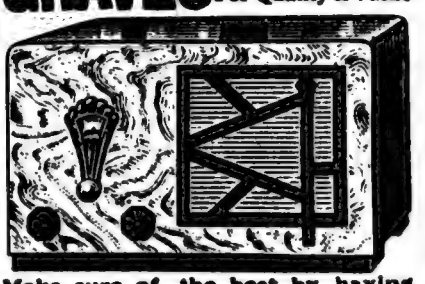

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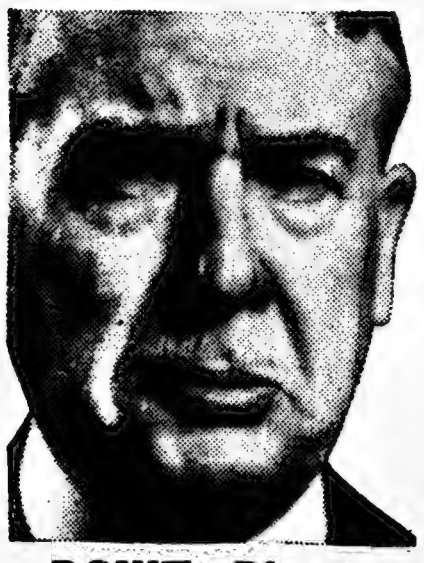

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when Bilious, Off Appetite, and "Fed Up"—when your Head is Aching, Tongue Coated and Breath Bad. It is Constipation or Sluggishness. Your stomach cannot empty properly. Food becomes stale and "sour." Each fresh meal is "fermented" by the remains of the previous meal. Horrible! But you will soon feel "like new" when you—

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

SOME years ago my wife and I adopted a baby boy, ten months old. I am afraid I listened a little too attentively to the frightening tales about heredity and responsibility, and as a result became obsessed with the fear that the child might be something of a wrong 'un.

My fears, however, turned out to be foolish, for the boy has proved to be the greatest blessing we could possibly enjoy, and has brought my wife and me together in a bond which cannot be severed.—*K. B., Liverpool.*

Reassuring

One glorious Spring evening during last year I returned home from my job in the City to find that my wife had been removed to hospital for a serious operation.

She has now completely recovered, fortunately, but always while at work I wonder how she is getting on at home, and whether her household jobs are going smoothly, for I am away for twelve hours a day, and a lot may happen in that time.

It is a foolish fear, I know, but the sight of her smiling face every evening is always welcome and reassuring.—*R. D., Southend.*

Helpful, Really

The night before starting my career as a teacher I lay awake obsessed by unreasonable fear.

I imagined fifty impish children exposing my inexperience. The headmistress was sure to be appalled by such inefficiency, and the staff—I literally shivered, thinking of their superior glances.

Foolish fears! The head was so helpful and the staff just like the girls I'd known at college. And those "imps"—they were all eager to show me everything.—*Miss P., Dudley.*

Only a Glance, But—

I hand the piece of paper to the man behind the counter. He glances at it, very carelessly, it seems to me.

In a short space of time he hands me the package. Has he done his work accurately, I wonder? I am soon reassured, and laugh at my foolish fear.

But I cannot hand a chemist a prescription without the thought that I might be the victim of that almost non-existent "fatal error."—*P. S., Brighton.*

Ill-health

The fear of serious disease is my bogy. A cough becomes bronchitis, stomachache means severe internal disease, a headache means high blood pressure. The tiniest ailment in the mind becomes something dreadful.

In other directions I have self-confidence in abundance, but I can never say to myself that the little itching is not eczema, nor convince myself that a little palpitation is not heart disease.—*A. R., Yorks.*

MY Foolish WORST FEAR

S.O.S.

The wireless music ends. "Before I read the news here is an S O S," says the announcer calmly. And with my blood running cold with the anticipation that *my* name will be spoken into the ears of listening millions, I rush to switch off.

Why I should be a victim of this nightly terror I don't know, for my family is a very united and happy one, and we can get in touch with each other in a very short space of time.

Yet, the very foolishness of this, my worst fear, makes it all the stranger.—*"Radio Coward," Epsom.*

Sacrificed?

My husband was killed in 1918 and I was left with two baby sons. The lonesome years have passed, and they are now fine, stalwart young men, physically and mentally equipped for the battle of life.

Yet the fear constantly in my mind is that they may be sacrificed on the hellish altars of war. This fear may be thought but a foolish fancy of a fond mother, but to me—and to thousands of other mothers—the fear is founded upon fact. All widowed mothers of sons have the dread of war in their hearts, and the prayer often enters their quiet thoughts: "God save our children!"—*"War Widow," Woolwich.*

It Happened

Though the railway journey between my work and home was a short one, and I knew every rhythm of the rails—I was always afraid I'd inadvertently get carried past my station.

One day it happened. I got out, explained to a porter and offered to pay fare back. He smiled: "You don't have to pay, miss; besides—you're not the only one to have been asleep," and he pointed to a young man standing, shamefacedly, near.

That young man and I travelled back together and no foolish fears will mar the honeymoon journey we intend to take at Easter.—*"Effie," Crewe.*

Sea-Sickness

For fifteen years now I have been seafaring and have never missed a single watch. But a day or two before sailing on each new voyage I become possessed by a most foolish fear—that I shall be seasick.

I imagine what my mates will say, how ill I shall feel, and wonder how long it will last. For twenty-four hours or so I am really scared, but once aboard and busy my fear goes and history repeats itself, for I'm all right.—*"Old Salt," Winsford.*

Couldn't Finish It

I have faced German bayonets with no more fear than the majority of my comrades, I trust, but I am scared stiff of cold steel when in the hands of a friend.

A razor, wielded by an expert for my benefit, really frightens me. Such is this strange fear that when circumstances force me into the barber's chair for a shave I am in a blue funk until I get out of it again.

I fear all kinds of impossible things as the keen blade glides over the tautened skin of my throat.

On one occasion I even left the chair half-shaven, so firmly had my strange fear gripped me.—*H. B., Sussex.*

Obstruction Removed

Inwardly afraid, I sat and watched him move about the room. I'd have made a dash to escape, but my legs seemed numb. He approached; I saw the barrel; it touched my ear; my eyes closed tightly.

Since that day, I have, on several occasions, had my ears syringed for removal of coal-dust and wax, and thought nothing of it, but I'll never forget that first foolish fear which overwhelmed me as a kindly doctor proceeded to remove the temporary obstruction between me and the world of sound.—*"Grateful," Mansfield.*

Spiders

Spiders, loathsome, crawling things, ever since I can remember they have been the subject of my foolish worst fear. If one scuttles across the floor, instantly I am paralysed watching with fascinated horror, my scalp tingling.

I know they are harmless, and probably have quite a useful function to perform in the comprehensive scheme of things, but I feel I shall never overcome my nameless horror of these small creatures.—*Mrs. L., Hayes.*

No Justification

Poverty. The fear that I may be unable to provide for myself and dependants the bare necessities of existence. A fear which persists despite the fact that there is no justification for it.

Owner of a nice little business, which never fails to bring me in a good weekly wage, I am, comparatively speaking, in a sound financial position. Yet that foolish fear that "something might happen" is ever with me.

Perhaps not so foolish as I imagine. It's the spur that prevents me from getting left behind in the race.—*J. G., Ashton-u.-Lyne.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 160 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, January 29.

When My Silence Was Golden

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on January 26

ENGLISH CUP.—Round 4.

(1) BLACKBURN v. Liverpool.
(2) BRADFORD C. v. Stockport.
(3) BURNLEY v. Luton.
**(4) DERBY COUNTY v. Swansea.
(5) Leicester v. ARSENAL.
(6) Norwich v. LEEDS.
(7) NOTTS FOREST v. Manchester U.
(8) PLYMOUTH v. Bolton.
**(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Bristol C. or Bury.
(10) READING v. Millwall.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Birmingham.
(12) SUNDERLAND v. Everton.
(13) Swindon v. Preston.
(14) TOTTENHAM v. Newcastle.
(15) W.B. ALBION v. Sheffield U.
(16) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Wednesday.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) GRIMSBY v. Huddersfield.
(2) STOKE v. Manchester City.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BRENTFORD v. Blackpool.
(2) Fulham v. West Ham

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) COVENTRY v. Newport.
(2) GILLINGHAM v. Boscombe.
(3) Southend v. CHARLTON.
*(4) BRIGHTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Bristol R.
(6) CARDIFF v. Torquay.
(7) Orient v. WATFORD.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) HALIFAX v. Rochdale.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Carlisle.
**(3) TRANMERE v. New Brighton.
(4) WALSALL v. Barrow.
(5) Wrexham v. Lincoln.
(6) York v. CHESTER.
(7) Accrington v. Doncaster.
(8) CHESTERFIELD v. Mansfield.
**(9) DARLINGTON v. Southport.
*(10) GATESHEAD v. Hartlepools.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Round 1.

**(1) HEARTS v. Solway Star.
(2) INVERNESS C. v. Clachnacuddin.
(3) KING'S PARK v. Edinburgh.
(4) MORTON v. Bo'ness.
(5) Peebles v. ST. MIRREN.
(6) PARTICK v. Stenhousemuir.
(7) QUEEN'S PARK v. Alloa.
**(8) RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath.
(9) ST. BERNARD'S v. Airdrie.
(10) St. JOHNSTONE v. Arbroath.
(11) THIRD LANARK v. Creetown.
(12) Vale of Atholl v. HIBERNIAN.
(13) Vale of Ocoba v. DUMBARTON.
**(14) ALBION v. Paisley Acs.
(15) Ayr v. QUEEN OF SOUTH.
(16) BERWICK v. Rosyth D.
(17) Brechin v. Leith.
(18) Buckie Thistle v. BEITH.
**(19) CELTIC v. Montrose.
(20) Dundee v. MOTHERWELL.
(21) Dunfermline v. HAMILTON.
(22) East Fife v. CLYDE.
(23) E. Stirling v. Raith.
(24) Falkirk v. ABERDEEN.
(25) FORFAR v. Chirnside.
(26) Fraserburgh v. DUNDEE.
(27) Galston v. KILMARNOCK.

(Peebles v. St Mirren is at Paisley.)

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—English Cup—2 (*H*); Div. I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—10 (*H*); Scottish Cup—8 (*H*) would indicate Portsmouth, Grimsby, Brentford, Charlton, Gateshead and Rangers.

MOTHERS! HERE'S GOOD NEWS.

More Than Cod Liver Oil's Vitamins in Tasteless Tablets.

You've always known Cod Liver Oil was the best thing for your children. But how hard it was for them to take! Doctors have found your solution—little sugar-coated tablets called Clotabs, as easy to take as sweets, and full of the natural vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil which scientists now know is even better than Cod Liver Oil.

Clotabs are simply wonderful for children who are weak or delicate or puny, and they're absolutely guaranteed to put on at least 3 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month or you get your money back.

Here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 2½ lbs. of sturdy flesh. Another little boy at work who could not gain weight after Tubercular Peritonitis gained 3½ lbs. in 3 weeks, his appetite increased and he became "happy and vigorous."

Just ask your chemist for a bottle of Clotabs, only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Remember, if they don't put on 3 lbs. in a month — money back! For useful weight recording Chart send 1d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

HONEY AND PINE TO CURE COUGHS.

Generations of housewives have found home-made honey syrup a remarkably effective treatment for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and sore throat. Even now this famous old remedy is unrivalled for quick and sure relief. Though few women can spare the necessary time to make honey syrup, the healing ingredients of the original recipe are obtainable in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, which contains Oil of Pine to destroy germ infection, Honey to soothe and heal cough-torn tissue, Squills and Ipecac to cut choking phlegm, and Menthol to clear blocked air-passages. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup instantly soothes throat-soreness and "tickle," stops that irritating cough and restores the deep nasal breathing so essential to health. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is supplied by chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and if you suffer with cough or any form of bronchial trouble, this well-tried remedy will give you immediate relief.

DRINK HOT WATER FOR RHEUMATISM

Uric acid, the real cause of rheumatic aches and pains, is formed in your system daily by the indigestible waste matter from your food, and unless it is regularly and completely eliminated it soon gets into the blood stream, carrying sharp pain-causing crystals into the joints and muscles.

Everybody who is subject to rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica, should drink plenty of hot water to help flush away these acid impurities. But to get quick certain relief from rheumatic pain, a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate should be added to your regular morning glass of hot water. This cleanses the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, and dissolves away all uric acid deposits, thus removing the very *cause* of the trouble. Get a 2/- jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate from your chemist and banish your rheumatism in this pleasant, logical way.

HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA

Influenza's victims are nearly always those who have let themselves get run down.

So, now, when influenza is about, you want to be very careful if you have been working hard or going through a lot of worry. And the simplest, nicest, surest way is a way doctors have been recommending for nearly fifty years—the Wincarnis way.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis three times a day, and soon, very soon, you'll be safe against the 'flu. In fact, the very first glass will do you good. You will actually feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed and invigorated. You will grow brighter, tire less easily.

Try Wincarnis to-day. You will find its delicate flavour delicious, and remember we have actually over 20,000 recommendations from medical men for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

HE was startled by his wife's cry from the garden.

"I've broken my arm," she called.

Quickly he ran to her assistance. She had, apparently, slipped on the edge of the lawn and fallen on the path.

At the hospital her broken arm was set.

Later, she complained of cramp-like pains in her arm, stiffness of the neck, inability to open her mouth or to swallow. She was admitted to the hospital, but, despite every effort to save her, she died of lockjaw, which, according to medical evidence at the inquest, was possibly due to a germ from the soil entering the wound in her arm.

This in brief is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Alice Fullwood, of 312, Derby Road, Lenton. To her husband, JOHN BULL has sent its expression of deepest sympathy, together with a cheque for £110 which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

JOHN BULL'S comprehensive 1935 Free Family Insurance Gift provides benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, and Damage to Wireless by Lightning.

In addition to these and other safeguards against the numerous common perils of everyday life, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world to protect the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay Sickness Benefit, and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to *every* benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Are you entitled to receive the benefits provided by JOHN BULL'S Insurance Gift? Is your family and your home safeguarded? If not, sign the forms below NOW, while you think of it.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 26/1/35

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/1/35

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT PEN OFFER
Cash the Coupons
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

HOW I GOT RID OF WRINKLES AT 60

and made myself Look 20 Years Younger

"I am 60 years of age, an age at which a woman so often no longer seeks to make herself attractive. But I felt a desire out of pure curiosity to try the effect of Crème Tokalon Skinfood on my weatherbeaten and wrinkled face.

Imagine my surprise when, after *one month* of this treatment, people said to me: 'you are getting younger.' Encouraged by these remarks, I persevered and in *five months* a miracle had been performed: everyone who meets me declares that I appear to be a woman of 40 or 45. My complexion is clear and beautiful, slightly rosy and I have hardly the suspicion of a wrinkle. It is marvellous. Judging by this, if all women would only use your Crème Tokalon Skinfood, there would be no more old grandmothers."

Note: The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3s. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

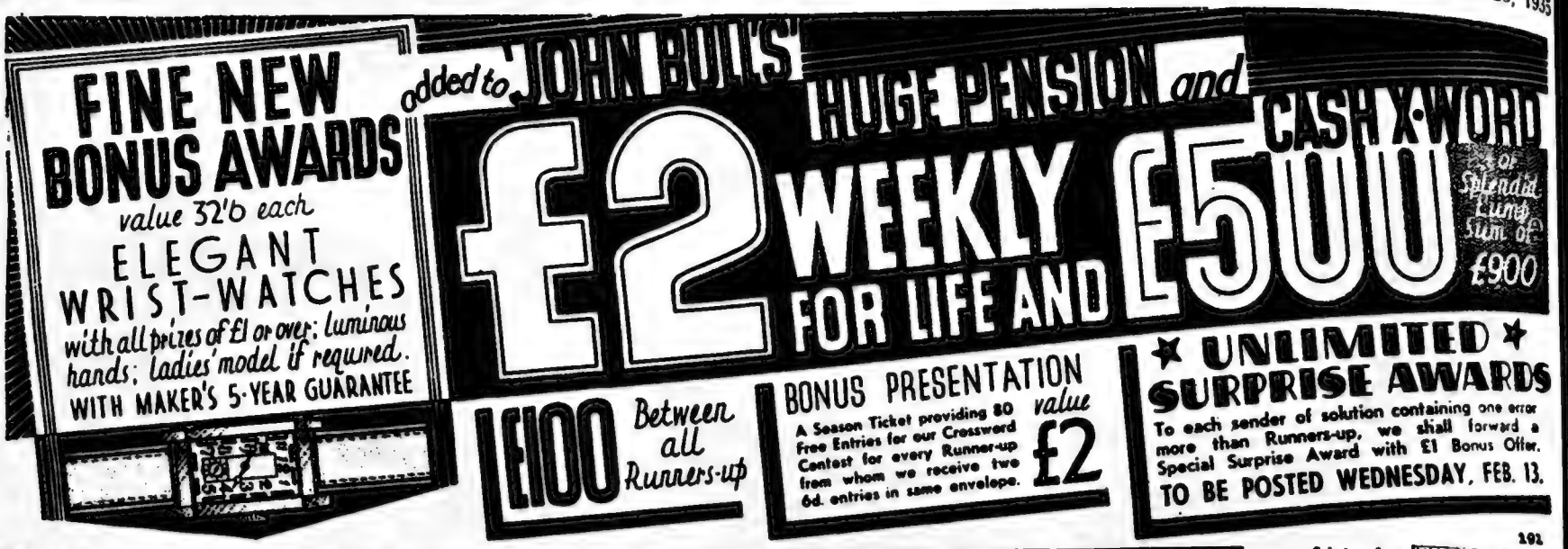
MANZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1 3.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.


FINE NEW BONUS AWARDS
value 32/6 each
ELEGANT WRIST-WATCHES
with all prizes of £1 or over; luminous hands; ladies' model if required.
WITH MAKER'S 5-YEAR GUARANTEE
added to JOHN BULL'S
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND
HUGE PENSION and
£500 CASH X-WORD
or Splendid Lump Sum of £900
£100 Between all Runners-up
BONUS PRESENTATION
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in same envelope.
value £2
★ UNLIMITED ★
SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13.

HERE is the latest of our new "100 per cent. Entertainment" Crosswords. For any competitor who tackles it more successfully than any other entrant, there will be the huge 2-in-1 reward of a Life Pension of £2 a week and a Fortune of £500 cash.

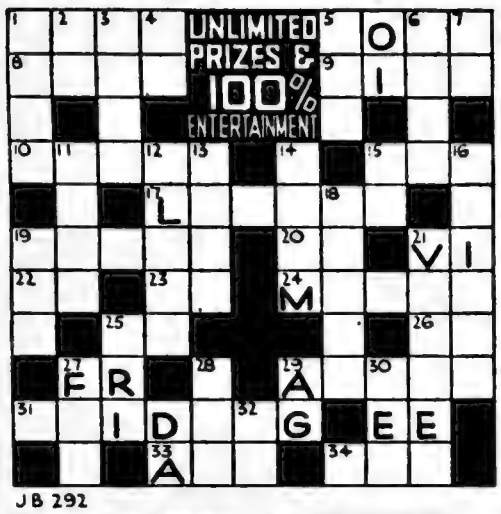
Runners-up will divide £100 and Season Tickets will be distributed amongst them as detailed above; in addition there is an unlimited supply of Surprise Awards waiting for all competitors from whom we receive a square with only one error more than the Runners-up.

This week, moreover, we introduce yet another big new attraction into our prize-list, since a Bonus Award of a novel, useful and lasting character has been arranged for every winner of £1 cash or over. This consists of a handsome 15-jewelled Lever Movement Wrist-watch, value 32s. 6d. and guaranteed by the maker for five years — and there is a special model in 9-carat gold for the wrists of women winners.

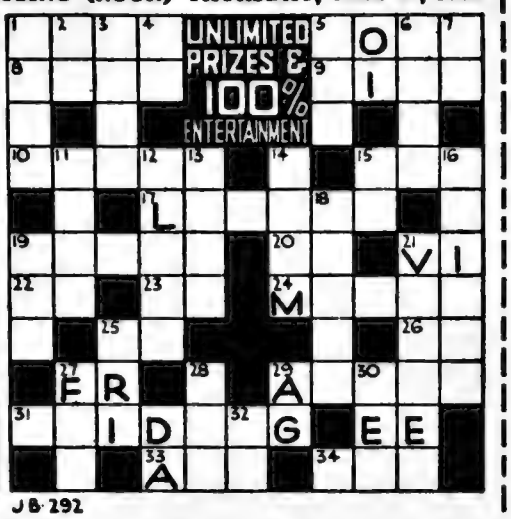
See that your squares reach us by noon, Thursday, January 31, if you want a First Prize telegram from "John Bull" on Thursday, February 7.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Handsome Wrist-watch will be sent. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 7, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 14.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 292—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1935



JB 292



JB 292

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

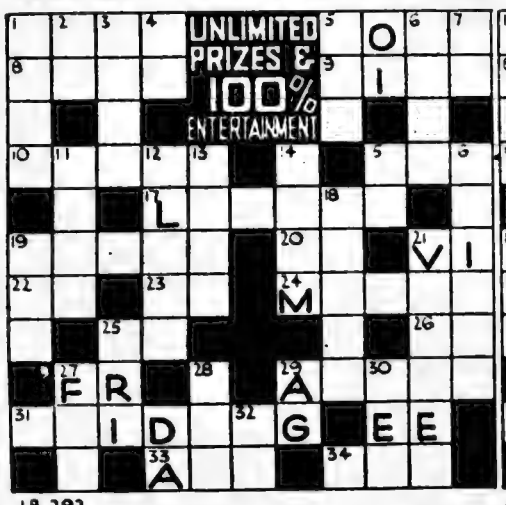
ADDRESS .....

.....

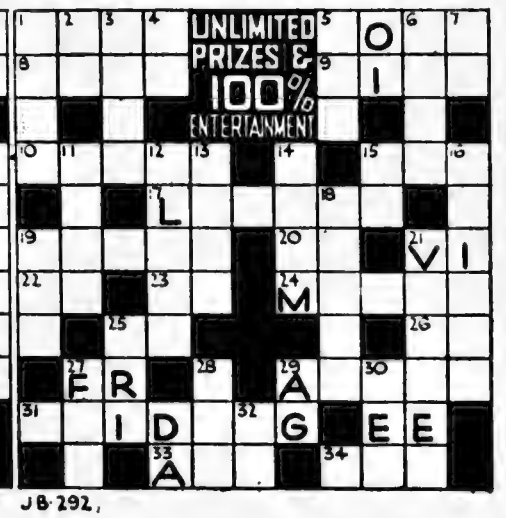
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 292—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1935



JB 292



JB 292

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 292,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. It saves steps, whichever way you take it
5. Practical joker arranges one
8. Do this to your address and you'll miss your X-word prize
9. Room is this when window's open
10. A cloth—and it separates England from a neighbour
15. It bit Cleopatra, the little reptile!
17. Describes most Alpine villages
19. The noises of these are eerie
20. Its scouts are motorists' friends
22. Take B from what cricketer uses
23. Head and tail of female sheep
24. In the country there's often no school for these
25. Stands for Theatre Royal
26. Hers often means "Yes"
29. Leaf which trembles
31. Crashes are common, when doing this
33. This insect is both example and pest
34. You can quickly tell when a novice is using one

DOWN

1. What He-man feels, at wife's tea-party
2. You see him with his head off here
3. You need wool to make one
4. Two letters which stand for water-drinker or race
5. You often see ornament round one
6. Are seen full of wrapped toys in toy-shop
7. "%" follows these two
11. Commonly follows creditor's demand for payment
12. A tree and one who is older
13. The right one is marked on a medicine bottle
14. Weak one may be cause of collapse
15. Last two-thirds of day
16. One seldom recovers from its effects
18. Wild beasts live in these
19. What Farmer Giles often loses in London
21. Thin layer of wood on furniture
25. Try most of trial
27. When windows are closed it's often easier to catch
28. Having too much of this may make you giddy
30. Sweet variety produces fine flowers
32. Second half of pint

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 31, 1935.

2.—**In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, mis-delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 14, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 26, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final.

4.—No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

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Solution of X-Word No. 290. Winners in Crossword No. 289 appear on page 37. Result of 290 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 290 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. No claims required.

JB 292

JB 292

JB 292

JB 292

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers. Newsagents

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

T. G. J. (Liverpool).—"Do you think men prefer money to women?" Well, married men certainly put their cash before their wives.

KEEPER (London, N.).—"The deer is a timid nature." But it's game.

T. T. (Poulton).—"I'm fully suited to make parachute descents." Turn to the ground.

T. T. (Clapham).—"The other day I hired a taxi which contained a barometer." We suppose it indicated "no change."

B. B. (Kensington).—"I'm afraid that some modern plays have no plot in them." But plenty of tripe.

A. A. (Windsor).—"I bought a fine television set, but my son is always experimenting with it." And can't get a look in?

C. C. (Paisley).—"I always think of the letter 'b' as being hot." It certainly makes oil boil.

J. J. (Dunfermline).—"Are people allowed to push rubbish into gutters?" No, they're barred.

DEAD (Crieff).—"When my schoolboy son asked for a fiver to pay his debts, I took him on my knee." And let him have it.

D. D. (Lowestoft).—"I used to be an acrobatic dancer, but I have left the stage, and am now a small laundry." So you now take in washing.

L. L. (Derby).—"For the sake of economy, I always wash all banknotes that come my way." We find ours shrink too quickly without that.

STEEPLEJACK (Huddersfield).—"I have recently got into the habit of falling to sleep at odd moments." Mind that you don't drop off while at work.

MISS. N. (Crewe).—"My little boy will be one year old next month, but I think it would be pure waste to buy him a birthday cake." Not worth the candle.

TRAVELLER (London, S.W.1).—"Every so often Chinese riverside merchants build new boats and give their old ones away as rubbish." As junk?

AUTHOR (Staines).—"I've been up in an aeroplane and down a coal mine in order to get material for my next book." You've hunted high and low for it.

CHARLADY (Shoreditch).—"I and the foreman in charge had a row when she said I had overlooked one of the offices." Dust-up over not dusting-up.

A. K. (Cambridge).—"A gossip writer has suggested that a politician's head differs from that of an ordinary man: what is your view?" Nothing in it.

F. G. (Portsmouth).—"I have been told that sucking duck eggs is a sure remedy for gout." We have no faith in quack remedies.

CYCLIST (Hull).—"I suggest a statue to the man who first thought of puncture repair outfits." Would not a bust be more appropriate?

OPTIMIST (Southampton).—"If a man can put a good face on it, faced with the ugly facts of life, he will be held in good repute." Particularly if he's a photographer.

D. M. (Hendon).—"An ice-skating rink, it is reported, is shortly to be made into a cinema." The management claims that the building will seat just as many customers as formerly.

W. S. (Motherwell).—"The man who lives next door to me can give the result of football matches which took place years ago." Most neighbours never forget old scores.

H. C. (Hammersmith).—"An orchestral conductor recently made his musicians rehearse a certain piece 200 times." Personally, we think it was going over the score too often.

DETECTIVE (Westminster).—"I thought I was following a suspect by train from London to Edinburgh and afterwards discovered he'd gone to Torquay on the Cornish express." You were on the wrong track.

L. B. (Cambridge).—"At a scientific research recently it was revealed that there is a billion pounds' worth of gold in the ocean." But we don't suppose it will comfort a seasick man much to know he is rolling in wealth.

W. W. (Hoxton).—"It was reported that boys threw a brick wrapped in a piece of felt through the window of a London jeweller's shop recently." The campaign to lessen street noises is evidently having the effect.

SOCCER (Aston).—"Where does the noisiest football enthusiast hail from?" Any part of the ground.

H. M. (Frome).—"He said if I lived to be 144 I should still be stupid." That's a gross insult.

S. P. (Leigh-on-Sea).—"Things have looked up since I became a piano-tuner." Striking a different note.

WEALTHY (Bristol).—"I have just sent my son and his tutor on a voyage round the world." An up-to-date coaching tour?

Boss (Wigan).—"I got all the education I have had at night schools." You left it rather late.

SHOWMAN (Nottingham).—"On my roundabouts I always have tunes with a lilt." Something to go with a swing?

G. B. (Sheerness).—"What do you think I've bought my wife to save her polishing the floor?" A carpet.

T. H. (Bexhill).—"I felt as though my lungs were bursting." But you found the balloon burst first?

EX-SCHOOLBOY (Westminster).—"I have now put my exercise books behind me." But not, we imagine, for the first time.

CRITIC (Fleet Street).—"Every novel reader knows which character it is at whom the others sniff." The bad egg, of course.

MISS J. (Hawick).—"I ask you to stop those jokes about female drivers. We women motorists can all run a car into a garage." We know!

LUCY (Hammersmith).—"When I quarrelled with my fiancé he went and joined the fire brigade." You shouldn't have told him to go to blazes.

T. P. (Holborn).—"The majority of gramophone firms have been working overtime ever since 1935 started." Then it sounds like being a record year?

W. M. (Walton).—"Some people take a cold bath every morning for their health's sake, and some for swank." And some for granted?

W. R. (Portsmouth).—"A bull was hit by a train I was travelling in recently, but it was uninjured." We've had beefsteak like that before.

COMEDIAN (Manchester).—"A man in the stalls irritated me so much that I forgot my words." Was he eating chestnuts?

MR. P. (Ingatestone).—"Although I take something into the kitchen from my vegetable garden nearly every day, my wife never seems satisfied." See letter below.

MRS. P. (Ingatestone).—"If you could only see the mud and dirt my husband brings into the house from his garden . . ." See letter above.

P. B. (Colchester).—"Going out into the country with my gun and dog always gives me an appetite for my dinner." But not a dinner for your appetite?

JOCK MCN. (Dundee).—"I'm thinking of offering a large sum of money to somebody who can achieve a big sporting feat this year." Such as swimming the Atlantic?

T. A. (Wednesbury).—"Because I'm terrified of a chimney catching fire, I'm having electric fires in every room." With such a clean sweep you should have nothing to be afraid of.

BANDSMAN (Manchester).—"When our band was playing, the owner of a house near-by ordered us off, and I had difficulty in getting my drum away when he let the dogs loose." But you beat it successfully.

The KID

E. T. (Hitchin).—"I am suing my tailor for not executing my order to time." Promise of breeches, as it were?

A. L. (Winchester).—"I've tried to train my parrot to speak, but it won't." It doesn't say much for you.

S. D. (Brixton).—"I shall have to write and tell you about the people in the flat above us in another letter." Of course, that's another story.

OFFICE-BOY (City).—"I lost my post because I upset a bottle of ink over the letters which were ready to be sent off." So the letters lost the post also.

A. F. (Manchester).—"A burglar broke into my ironmonger's shop and took all the files and planes he could lay hands on." He took the rough with the smooth.

MODE (Hagley).—"Nowadays a well-dressed woman has no hooks on her attire." But she likes plenty of eyes on it.

CLERK (Perth).—"After I had very carefully bought a suit with two pairs of trousers, what do you think I did?" Tore a hole in the jacket.

E. S. (Rugby).—"My youngster is just six, but he's at the top of his form." That's funny—so's young *Bullets Bulletin*. On page 47 we're celebrating his birthday with 103 cheques and big bonuses.

MISTRESS (Maida Vale).—"My new maid broke the whole of my best tea service, and though I gave her notice, she pleaded hard for another chance." And you gave her a break?

RUGGER FAN (Godalming).—"Although I thoroughly enjoyed the game, there was too little real tackling and too much hanging on to jerseys." But it was a ripping game nevertheless?

PILOT (Hendon).—"I got into difficulties during my first solo flight when I flew into the teeth of a strong southerly gale." You were up against it, in other words?

HOUSEWIFE (Nuneaton).—"When I complained to cook of the big lumps in the mincemeat she calmly told me she knew her job and didn't want to be interfered with. What do you think of that?" That she certainly didn't mince matters!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

☆ ☆ ☆

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

Acute Pains in the Back!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

After forty, few escape rheumatic twinges and urinary irregularities.

IT IS HARD for a kidney sufferer to keep going. Sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, sciatica and rheumatism make life a burden. Plainly there is urgent need for Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They give quick, soothing relief and help to wash out the tiny kidney tubes whose filtering action is so vital to your health.

"Off Work for Weeks" Helpless with Lumbago

On 9th September, 1918, Mr. W. E. Bloore, 2a, Carlisle Street, Longton, Staffs, said:—"I have been off work for weeks at a time with lumbago, quite helpless and in agony. The urinary excretions were disordered, containing sediment and causing pain.

For seven years the trouble continued, medicine seemed unable to help. But Doans Backache Kidney Pills got me on my feet again. For one year and eight months I have not been off work."

On 24th August, 1934, Mr. Bloore said:—"I am in the best of health now, and I attribute this to Doans Pills.

(*Signed*) W. E. Bloore."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans GRAND **Backache Kidney Pills**

CYCLISTS READ THIS!

HERE'S THE WAY TO "CAREFREE" CYCLING

Prevent punctures before you can say "Patch." Get "Carefree"—the (w)hole solution. You simply put it into your tubes and keep on riding instead of walking. It will not harm your tubes at all. We guarantee you satisfaction or your money back, so you are bAFE with "Carefree." *Testimonials available.*

Use "CAREFREE" NOW!

1/- Send one shilling P.O. for a box, post free, to Dept. J.B., 1/-

THE SATISFACTION CO., LTD.

New Street, Andover, Hampshire

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. **Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss.** Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is *healing* as well as holding. Featherlight, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE,** 2,300 *doctors recommend Brooks.* You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for *free book* now (sent in plain sealed envelope), **and stop your rupture worries for ever!**

COUPON *for* FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(482 W) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482 W) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your FREE 10 Days' Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

Cut out and Post—½d. stamp.

CATARRH

YOUR NOSE NEEDS NOSTROLINE

Banish your Catarrh at once. "Nostroline" nasal remedy gives instant relief stops nasal discharge, ends irritation and stuffiness. Clears head, opens breathing passages, relieves head noises. Quickest remedy for Catarrh, Colds and Flu. Safe even for youngest child. 1/3 all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" 1.92 Clifton, Bristol.

Send for this FREE Furnishing Catalogue

ON page 27 Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of *John Bull* a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Special Sale Furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms and Free Gifts. A free copy of this excellent Catalogue can be obtained by filling in the coupon in their special Sale announcement. Post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

POISONED SYSTEM AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. FOSTER, 40 Hill Street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:—"I was suffering from a **Poisoned System** caused through assisting to make **Poison Gas** for the war. This developed into **Rheumatism.** I was reduced to 7 st. 8 lbs., was a complete wreck, and thought it only a matter of time with me. A friend advised me to take Vitadatio, and thank God I heard of it, for it made me a new man. I now weigh 11 st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than I ever did."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-Renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free.
From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

ONLY NON-ABSORBENT POWDER can banish Shiny Nose

Ordinary powders absorb the skin's moisture. In a few minutes they form a shiny paste. Now chemists have found how to make a non-absorbent powder. This is the Tokalon patent process. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives a rose-petal smoothness which lasts all day even in wind and rain. One application prevents any trace of shine all during a long evening's dancing in the hottest room.

Let the flattering 'Dull Finish' of Poudre Tokalon give you a lasting loveliness—say goodbye to ugly shine for ever. Get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. **222 G.**), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

SODA BICARB IS BAD FOR THE STOMACH

Though a dose of bicarbonate of soda will often bring temporary relief to stomach pains, doctors say it is a bad thing to take by itself. In the end it only aggravates the trouble and in time may actually injure the delicate stomach walls.

What doctors recommend is the Powder which has revolutionised the treatment for all sorts of stomach trouble, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. All over the country hospitals are using this formula for curing even things like gastric and duodenal ulcers, and it is just as effective for the simplest case of indigestion.

It is positively astonishing how quickly a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring relief to an attack of indigestion. Wind, fullness after eating, acidity, heartburn, any type of indigestion is relieved at once and permanently cured after quite a short course of this healing powder.

Only watch one thing, be careful to get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. So ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose but only in bottles and cartons of Powder or Tablets, at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle.

PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

READ OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. **Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5 - Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.**

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.26, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Accept this SPECIAL CLEANING OFFER!

CLARK'S, the famous Dry Cleaners, announce a special offer on p. 28. Any two of the garments mentioned will be "Smart" cleaned for the ridiculously low price of 4/-. Don't wait for the spring rush. Take advantage of this offer now and use the special Guarantee Voucher. Turn to p. 28 now while you think of it!

MILLIONAIRES *for two days!*

A luxurious car met our Guests at Euston

LONDON, business centre of the world, is rapidly becoming its leading Pleasure City also. So when JOHN BULL invites a *Bullets* winner and companion to the Metropolis to see the sights in Millionaire luxury, their week-end programme is just one big thrill after another.

Such was the unforgettable experience enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. H. Lomax, who left their home at 18, Lathom Road, Withington, Manchester, one recent Friday afternoon and became "Millionaires" for two days at JOHN BULL'S expense.

First-class travel, with dinner provided, brought them to Euston: there they were welcomed by the Competition Editor and driven in the big limousine reserved for their use to the luxurious Cumberland Hotel.

That night they saw the presses of Long Acre at work on over 2,000,000 copies of the *Daily Herald*, finishing up the evening over champagne at the Trocadero Cabaret.

Next day they looked at London—on foot, by car and from a specially chartered aeroplane. They shopped, they visited friends, they laughed over "Sporting Love" at the Gaiety Theatre and chatted with the principals behind the scenes between the acts.

* * *

In short, they learnt, like others before them, the measure of JOHN BULL'S hospitality and know the pleasure in store for the next to experience a Millionaire's Week-end in London.

This memorable prize, accompanied by £500 cash, was Mr. Lomax's reward for the neat and human *Bullet*, GOOD LOSER — MISSUS — PRETENDING *I'm* "PRIZE," which headed our 949th prize-list.

Mrs. Lomax, who is even keener on *Bullets* than her husband, gave a message for would-be winners to our representative.

"They should study *Bullets Bulletin* regularly," she urged. "It will teach them more than I could ever advise."

Many issues of JOHN BULL could be filled with other tributes to *Bullets Bulletin's* aid which have been paid by winners during the last 12 months.

"I began to take in *Bullets Bulletin* and started winning," said our £50 Monthly Life Pensioner, Mr. T. H. Collins, 106, Park Lane, Wallington.

"I've learnt what I know about *Bullets* by studying former prize-lists and *Bullets Bulletin*," said Mr. E. A. Smith, manager of the "Oliver Cromwell" Off-licence, Wood End Green Road, Hayes, recent winner of £1,500 and £2 weekly for life.

"*Bullets Bulletin* is indispensable to anyone who seriously goes down to *Bullets*," said Mr. W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, the gardener who recently won £750.

* * *

We have a special reason for quoting to-day these few opinions of *Bullets Bulletin* from hundreds on our files.

The Sixth Birthday of JOHN BULL'S bright little weekly which is free to every would-be winner is celebrated this week by a prize-list including substantial Birthday Bonuses for registered *Bullets Bulletin* readers, as well as a fine array of 103 substantial cheques headed by £500.

To join the circle of registered readers at once may well add a big extra bonus to your prize in this week's *Bullets* Birthday Contest.

Moreover, you will begin receiving your *Bullets Bulletin* in time to benefit by its assistance in next week's Grand Offer of £1,935 cash, £4 weekly for life and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two.

Post off that Reservation Coupon on the next page to-night!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 966.

FIRST PRIZE—£500 AND £10 EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY FOR LIFE.

F. A. EVASON, 47, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.

Example: UP TO US

Bullet: INDIA LOOKING—OR STANDING?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. J. H. BEERS, 39, Serpentine Road, Belfast.
Example: Baby's Toys
Bullet: Forgotten? Remember Forgotten Babies!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

F. C. PENDRED, Grendon, Northampton.
Example: My Mate
Bullet: "Prize" My "Hoop" "Ringed."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Mrs. L. PEPPER, "Fairholme," Misterton, via Doncaster.
Wife's Work—Providing "Cheer"—Provide Applause!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£13: Miss W. DEAN, 47, Huntingdon Street, Barnsbury, N.
My Good Fairy—Introduced Us—Later, Godmother.

£14: S. SMITH, 87 Caernarvon Road, Norwich.
Up To Us—To *Lose* Less Water.

£13: Mrs. E. DOUGLAS, 2a, 119, Loughborough Park, London, S.W.
Waiting—Not Jumping. "Ditched" Me.

£12: A. BURTON, 15, Egham Road, Plaistow, London, E.
For The Defence—Of War, Only "Prosecutors."

£11: Mrs. E. C. STEWART, 31, Ophir Gardens, Belfast.
Forcing The Pace—"On Crutches," Geneva's Problem.

£10: T. LANCASTER, 13, Chapel Street, Orrell Road, nr. Wigan.
Swank—Rubs Off "Against Wall."

£9: Mrs. H. SCOTT, 46, Hucknall Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
Swank—Its Only Pedestal. "I . . ."

£8: N. HARDY, 14, Bank [illegible], Shipley.
Big Step—Take, Before Marr[illegible]—Hyphen"

£7: Mrs. L. M. FRANCIS, "Ovin[illegible] Road, Rickmansworth.
If All Goes Well—Sonny Lee[illegible]

£6: A. HAMMOND, 19, Os[illegible]tingham.
His Creditors—"After Him," [illegible]

£5: T. HINGLEY, "Sydleys," [illegible] Birmingham.
With A Howl—Gale Challenges [illegible]

5 OF £2 10s. EACH:

P. H. CHANDLER, New Barn [illegible], Kent.
Upstairs—"Drama"—Father A[illegible]

D. MUNRO, 179, Glasgow Stree[illegible]
Wife's Work—Suspended—Sl[illegible] Bargains.

J. G. NORRIS, 50, Ridley Terr[illegible]
His Creditors—"Ringing Bel[illegible] cessful.

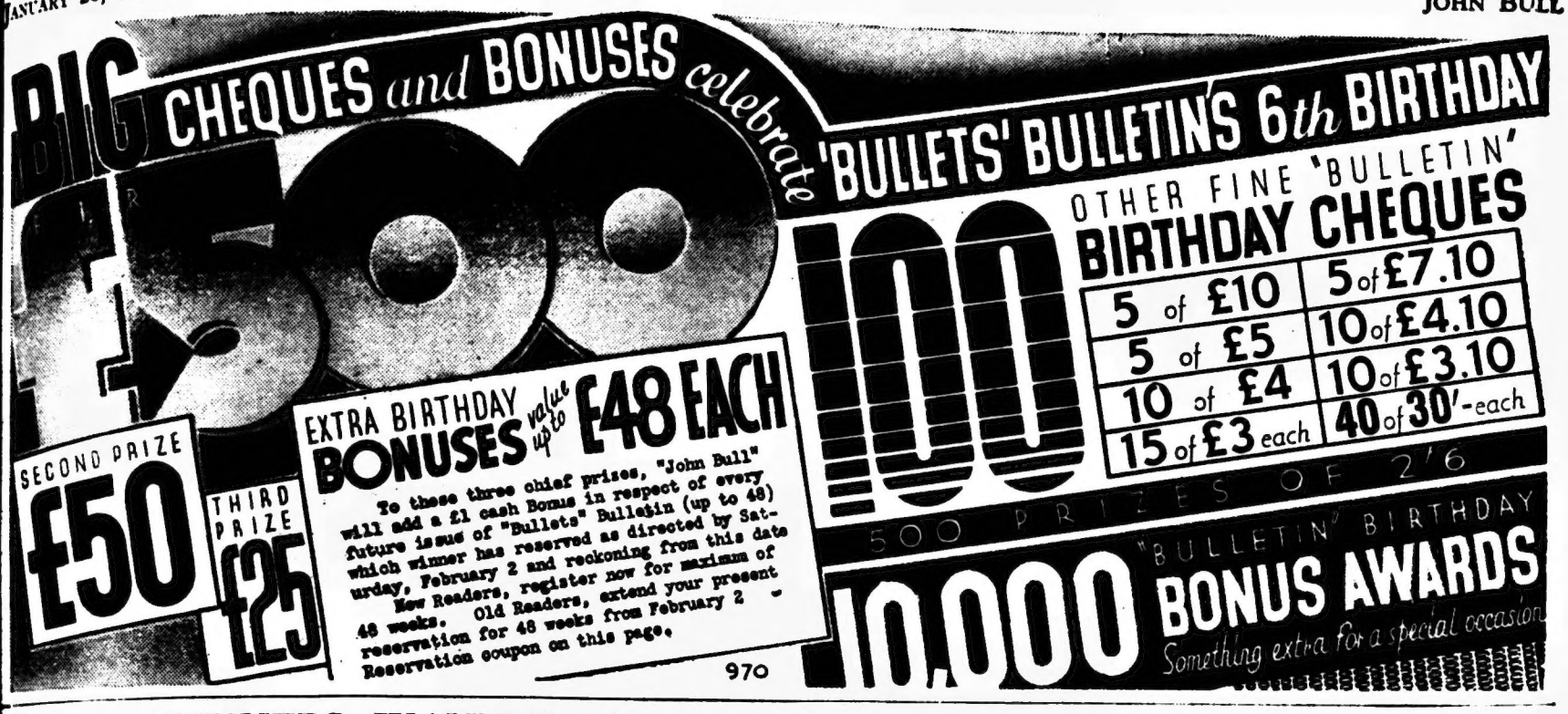
W. R. PAIGE, 284, Friern Road, [illegible] London, S.E.
For The Defence—Law's Flaw [illegible]

R. E. ROBINSON, 71, Hartswood Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Father's Friend—And Pavement, Complete Triangle!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

Mighty Cash, Pension and Gift Book Offer NEXT WEEK


BIG CHEQUES and BONUSES celebrate 'BULLETS' BULLETIN'S 6th BIRTHDAY
£500
SECOND PRIZE £50
THIRD PRIZE £25
EXTRA BIRTHDAY BONUSES value up to £48 EACH
To these three chief prizes, "John Bull" will add a £1 cash Bonus in respect of every future issue of "Bullets" Bulletin (up to 48) which winner has reserved as directed by Saturday, February 2 and reckoning from this date
New Readers, register now for maximum of 48 weeks. Old Readers, extend your present reservation for 48 weeks from February 2 — Reservation coupon on this page.
970
100
OTHER FINE 'BULLETIN' BIRTHDAY CHEQUES
5 of £10
5 of £5
10 of £4
15 of £3 each
5 of £7.10
10 of £4.10
10 of £3.10
40 of 30/- each
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
10,000 "BULLETIN" BIRTHDAY BONUS AWARDS
Something extra for a special occasion

10,603 WINNERS WANTED IN "BULLETIN" BIRTHDAY OFFER!

UNIQUE in Competition history is the splendid *Bullets* prize-list announced to-day. It has been specially planned to celebrate the Sixth Birthday of *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright little weekly which JOHN BULL provides free for would-be winners.

Heading this fine Birthday Offer is a £500 cheque waiting to be won. And, to mark this special occasion, a bumper Bonus has been arranged, which may be anything up to £48, to accompany each of the prizes of £25 or over this week, in accordance with the details announced above.

Here on this page are full instructions for making *Bullets*, the *Examples* to work upon and the coupons you need. Provided your entry is in by Saturday, February 2, there is no reason why Friday, February 15, should not bring you a thrilling £500 telegram from Long Acre.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the *Examples* and jot down all the ideas they suggest to your mind. Such rough jottings will be merely bare ideas and no more, but one of them may well be developed into a £500 *Bullet*.

Remembering that each finished effort must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked with that particular *Example*, concentrate now on polishing each rough thought into a telling *Bullet*.

Suppose for instance, you were considering the *Example* IMAGINING THINGS. Your rough comment might be *Inventor Did, So Did Investors Later*. This you could readily condense and improve into the completed *Bullet*, IMAGINING THINGS —BOLD INVENTOR—SCARED INVESTOR.

Before beginning to build your own *Bullets*, examine closely the winning efforts on the previous page. Then get to work on the *Examples*, see that your efforts are in by Saturday, February 2, and a splendid Birthday Cheque may well be yours.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ON BRITAIN'S SCREEN
PENNY POST
WAR IN THE AIR
WHY HE WORKS
FATHER'S NIGHTMARE
HE'S A MINER, SO
VILLAGE POSTMAN
FALSE
GOES DOWN WELL
"MARVELLOUS!"
OFFICE JOKE
WISE HUSBAND
NO HERO
AT HIS LAST GASP
PERFECT PICTURE
AS ONE MAN
HUMMING
WINNING HIS SPURS
WHEN THE FUN BEGAN
REVENGE
HAUNTED
GALLANT CREW
VEIL OF SECRECY
NO DEFENCE
TO KEEP OUT THE COLD
WAVE OF OPTIMISM
AT AUNTIE'S CAFE
TORCH OF PROGRESS
REPRIEVED
IMAGINING THINGS
SHOCKED THE CENSOR
LEAVING SCHOOL
BLINDING FLASH
GRIM SILENCE
SAID THE MANAGER
KNOCKED OUT

REGISTER here for Your Big "BULLETIN" BONUS

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value ..... (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on ..... consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, incorporating *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*, commencing with the next available issue.

For 12 Issues P.O. value 6d. For 30 Issues P.O. value 1/6.
For 24 Issues P.O. value 1/-. For 48 Issues P.O. value 2/-.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 965 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. Jones, 67, Moulsham Street, Chelmsford.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(970) Closing SAT., Feb. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(970) Closing SAT., Feb. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(970) Closing SAT., Feb. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(970) Closing SAT., Feb. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(970) Closing SAT., Feb. 2. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, cut it out before completing your "Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 970 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 970, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

60 Hours A Year Wasted in SHAVING

Remarkable Time Saving, Trouble Saving, Money Saving Benefit of New Scientific

SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS

Shaving Method

5 FREE SHAVES

(See Coupon below)

DO you realise that shaving wastes 60 hours of your time every year? But it need never do so again! A new discovery—"Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream—saves 60 hours a year on Shaving!

SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with Soap, Brush, and Shaving Pot and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do!

SAVES TIME—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes—saving 60 HOURS a year!

SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the keen edge of the blade lasts longer.

SAVES THE SKIN — because the creamy base is a skin food. It keeps your face satiny soft and youthful.

The Old Way

Take a Shaving Pot, Shaving Soap, Shaving Brush and a Razor. Secure some hot water. Rub the Shaving Soap over your beard. Lather vigorously. Make sure you don't drop suds all over the bathroom. Then start to shave. If your beard is very tough, lather all over again and shave a second time.

TIME—15/20 Minutes.

The New Way

1. Wet the face (hot or cold water).
2. Apply a small quantity of "Harlene" Shaving Cream with the finger-tips.
3. SHAVE!

TIME—5 Minutes.

ABOVE you see that, although the man has shaved the magnifying glass shows the shave is by no means close.

With "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream the shave is as close as it is possible to get.

Harlene" SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

From all Chemists and Stores. Price 6d. & 1/- Per Tube.

Ideal for Ladies.

You Should Also Use

"HARLENE" HAIR CREAM

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural, and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½, and 2/- per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE

Send for a Free Sample at once. See Coupon on the right.

2 FREE GIFTS COUPON

Send this coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to:

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S. 924), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

Choose your 3 Free "Harlene" Preparations and send the Coupon.

By return the Postman will bring them to your door wherever you live.

Enjoy the delight of a Cremex Shampoo—it cleanses, refreshes, and brightens!

Practise the Scientific 2-Minutes' Hair Health Exercise—'Harlene-Hair-Drill.'

What a glorious Transformation—thanks to 'Harlene-Hair-Drill.'

Let the Postman Bring You NEW HAIR BEAUTY FREE

Marvellous Results of

HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL

Choose Your THREE And Get Them FREE

If YOUR hair is Thin, Lifeless, Lustreless, if YOU are going Bald or notice loose hairs clinging to your brush or comb, you are invited to accept FREE of Charge special test supplies of ANY THREE of the world-famous Harlene Hair Improving Preparations described below. Just choose which three you require and send the COUPON WITHOUT DELAY!

1 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

"HARLENE is the true liquid FOOD for the hair. Its nourishing, stimulating and revitalising influence extends to every tiny hair root and shaft. In an amazingly short time

—Falling hair stops falling,
—Lank hair takes on a new lustre.
—Bald patches disappear and the head is crowned with a thick, abundant, lustrous glory of healthy hair.

'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL' is the most scientific and effective method of restoring growth, lustre, and luxuriance to impoverished hair.

Take care of your Children's Hair! 'Harlene' preserves, strengthens, and invigorates it. From all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. From all chemists, 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

4 'HARLENE' Wave Setting Lotion

A veritable economy boon for ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £s's on Hair-Waving Bills. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured, and Faded Hair, even if of many years' standing. A real colour restorative, 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. ***Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your Name and Address and state which numbers are required.***

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.963), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., LONDON, W.C.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

140 B93

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A 112